VOL. CCXVII, No. 2834
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JUNE 5, 1954

The SPHERE

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Volume CCXVII No. 2834 The SPHERE, London, June 5, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE U.S.S. "BENNINGTON" DOCKS AT QUONSET—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE STRICKEN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER AFTER THE EXPLOSION WHICH KILLED NINETY-NINE OF HER CREW : On May 26 took place one of the worst peacetime disasters in the history of the United States Navy, when a fire started between decks in the fore-part of the aircraft-carrier *Bennington*. It started from an explosion of high-octane petrol, and besides killing 99 men, injured about 200, some of them very badly.

Though outwardly the *Bennington* showed few signs of damage, the part of the ship between decks where the worst of the explosion took place was severely damaged, with heavy metal bulkheads twisted and charred. The areas wrecked by the fire and blast were on the first and second decks, below the hangar deck, a part so thickly armoured that externally there were virtually no signs of damage. But that was the area of the crew's mess decks, where many men were sleeping at the time of the explosion. Men who went to the rescue of their injured shipmates were hampered by fumes and smoke and the blocked passages ; they dragged the injured out to clear spaces where they could be transferred to stretchers. One of the officers who took part in the rescue work said : "Most of them had had their clothes burned off and many were bleeding from the mouth. I believe their lungs had been singed. Some died while we were trying to get them out. We were able to get to all of the men, though, and it was wonderful the way everyone helped." The *Bennington*, of 38,000 tons displacement, was completed in 1944. (See also pages 406–07.)

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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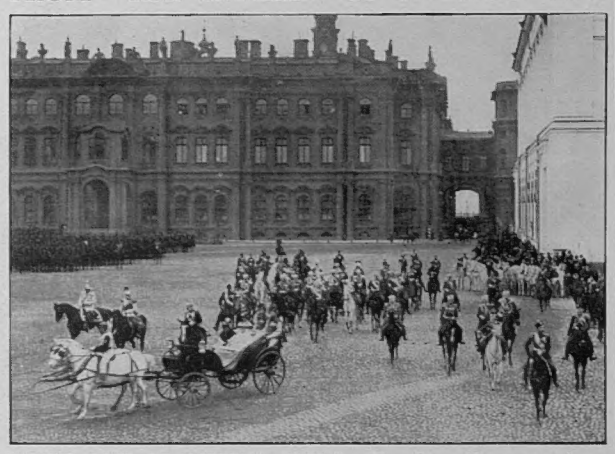
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



IN THE DAYS OF IMPERIAL RUSSIA: The Czar (foreground on right) rides out from the Palace at St. Petersburg, to bid good-bye to troops going east to fight in the Russo-Japanese War. Riding in the carriage are the Czarina and her mother-in-law, the Dowager Czarina. The Czar spent ten days on his tour and visited Moscow, Tula, Orel, Kharkoff, Poltava, and Kremenchug. In "The Newsletter" in the same issue (June 4, 1904) as this special SPHERE picture was reproduced was the comment that Japan had fought the greatest battle of the campaign and had astonished the civilised world by capturing the Russian position at Kinchau, together with sixty-eight guns and ten machine-guns. The battle, which lasted five days, was won only after almost unparalleled daring on the part of the Japanese troops, who lost at least 3,500 men in the fight. The Russian papers pooh-poohed the victory on the ground that Kinchau was but a mud fortress of no value.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least 8 ins. by 6 ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from 750 words to 2,000 words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON
and the
ISLAND SAILING CLUB

By UFFA FOX

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Railway Strike.—We wait to see whether once more in industrial relations a weak surrender by authority will confirm the unprincipled principle that it pays to be dishonourable. The railways are a bankrupt concern, in part due to wage concessions made to the railwaymen. Of course, they didn't receive all they asked and wanted. Who does in a poor country? But their wages compare favourably with those in other vital industries; and increased costs demand reorganisation not always welcome to the workers. Over the years they demanded and received full consultation with their unions in any schemes to reorganise their industry, for which purpose the nationalisation of the railways, for which they called, was to be the jumping-off ground. Their unions were consulted, their unions consulted their members, and all authorities concerned—Government, Executive and Unions, the men's mouthpieces—thrashed out the latest necessary, if unwelcome, scheme of reorganisation, and accepted it. And now some of the men, who fought for the authority of their unions in these discussions and agreements, repudiate their unions and dishonour their signatures. A nationalised industry (before the event) is one which is taken out of the hands of private enterprise in order that it can be reorganised to produce an economical and efficient service for the public benefit. The public may be allowed its guffaw at this definition of the *nationalised* industries whose services it has so far enjoyed. The benefit it enjoys is confined to paying (and looking pleasant) for benefits to the workers.

A *vital* industry is one on which the economic life of the nation depends. The factories may turn out goods for export, but they might as well go off on holiday if they can't convey those goods to the ports. A vital industry that works on the principle that it pays to be dishonourable is better defined as an industry vital to the workers in it.

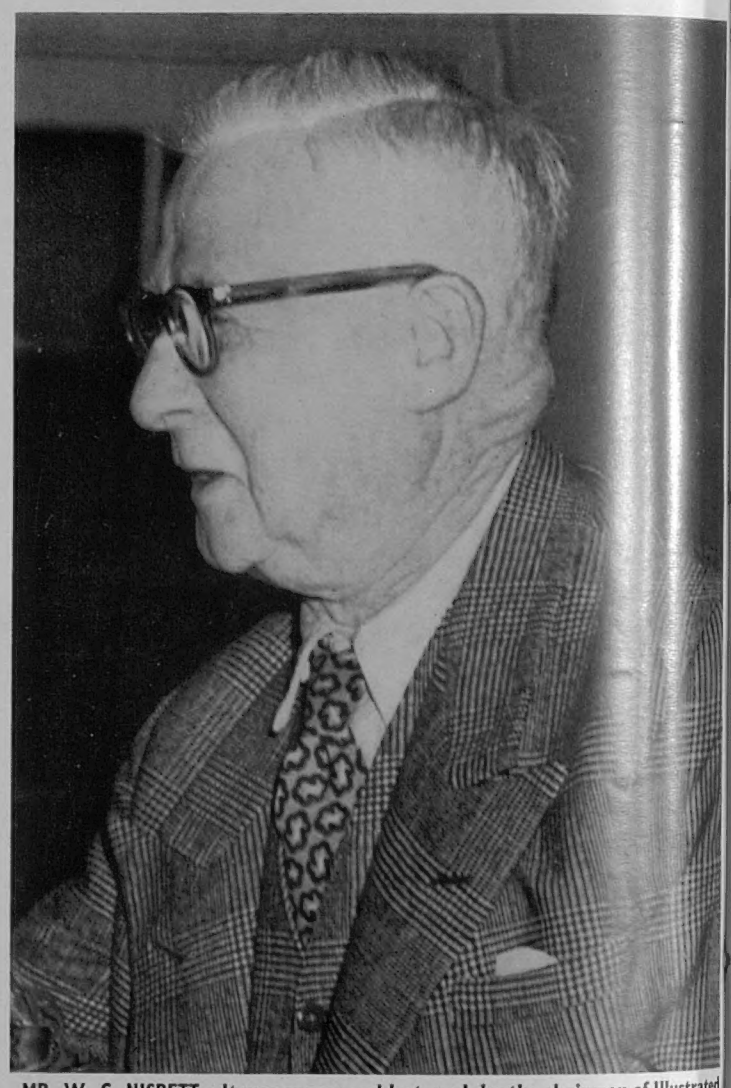
A Fight to the Finish?—But *this* time these definitions are to be challenged; *this* time there is to be a show-down. The Minister of Labour will not intervene. The unions will not encourage or endorse the disobedience. The Executive will be firm. I wonder, even while I hope, whether there is not to be a total surrender on lodging turns. The strikers' honour is like Lancelot's, and is attractive enough to their fellows:

> "Their honour rooted in
> dishonour stood
> And faith unfaithful keeps
> them falsely true."

A thousand men will down tools in protest against the dismissal of one insubordinate fellow. Other unions' members will disregard the advice of their own unions and go out in support of the insubordinates of an unallied industry. They are faithful in unfaithfulness. They are unfaithful to their unions and to the pledged word, and faithful to each other. And, to all too many of them, that is the major faithfulness, the true duty to one's neighbour. It is honoured and it is attractive and it is usually victorious. And why? Because it is largely "unworldly" in the sense that these desperate gestures take no note of economic consequences. The nation's purse is the first to suffer. The general public's purse always suffers, but what about the purses of the strikers? What happens to the cost of living which affects the workers who strike as quickly as it does the workers who work? It will take some decades of education still to knock into the heads of the unofficial striker that he is striking for a decline in his own standard of living. Who lives if England die? Who gains if honour die, for that matter?

Just for a Handful of Silver . . . ?—If, after all that has been said, M.P.s can vote themselves a £500-a-year increase, I think we may expect that national suicide in the form above described will not be unconscionably slow in coming. First we said confidently, "They wouldn't dare"; later: "They wouldn't dare yet"; later still, "They wouldn't dare in this Parliament." But arguments pro are stronger than arguments con, when it 's a question of grabbing something for yourself, and God knows, an M.P. is vain enough even to-day to think that he is a person of importance, a national asset, which a grateful nation is only too willing to subsidise; like the workers who ask for more than their work earns in other "nationalised industries." Even now, I can hardly believe that the job was done with a big majority. Decency may not count for much, but shrewd horse-sense is still a quality valued by public men. And with Parliament an institution less prized and honoured than formerly, were the men who voted for their pay-rise quite happy at the prospect of facing their constituents with this *fait accompli*, this slick betrayal of all their bromides concerning the duty of every worker to think of country first and self afterwards? "The ordinary wage-earner must show restraint. *We* are in a special category." Many a puzzled and once passionate constituent must be looking up a suitable quotation to brand a "Lost Leader." "Just for a handful of silver he left us."

Dignity and Impudence.—There are always sound and telling arguments to adduce when a man is putting a case for his own personal advancement, and the debate "reached a high level." It deserved to do so. The pay increase is on a high level and the motif was "the dignity of the House." "Dignity and impudence"—the little dog grabbing the bone which the big dog must not dream of eating "while the continued rise in the industrial wage structure threatens the very life-blood of the community in our export markets." Cry havoc and let loose the dogs who want bigger bones, for there is henceforth no answer to their growls. It is a free-for-all grab. Henceforth everybody must be paid his own price for service to his country. In local government, a few volunteers still hold out against being subsidised with petrol and other allowances. In the House, will there be found even one to refuse to accept his bonus, even among those Members who can afford to keep £10,000 worth of jewellery in their London houses? Not for long, you may be sure. There was every reason for relief of another kind; and why should M.P.s be too dignified for a means test? But what they voted themselves is a damning proof of the crimson hypocrisy of their own moral saws and bromides. The dignity of the House is on a level hardly worthy of the Mother of Parliaments, and the common sense of the House on a par with Bedlam's. It *pays* to be dishonourable in every walk of life. "Just for a handful of silver" a large majority of the House of Commons have trailed its surviving dignity in the gutter. Henceforth will any of us bother to go to the polls to elect our local careerist to represent our interests in Parliament? The world is a mad-house. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*



MR. W. C. NISBETT: It was announced last week by the chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Ltd. (of which "The Sphere" is a member) that Mr. Nisbett had retired from his position of Managing Director of the Group. He will, however, retain a seat on the Board of the Company and its subsidiaries. This picture of Mr. Nisbett was taken last September when he presented "The Sphere" Golf Challenge Cup to the winner of the Illustrated Newspapers 1953 golf meeting, held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club.

A Coal-Black Report.—The National Coal Board has issued its report for 1953. It includes, as usual, a warm testimony to the achievements of managements and men in 1953, which made it possible to "meet the nation's essential needs for fuel." How

was it done? Thanks to a mild winter, by drawing on stocks in hand, and by buying coal from abroad at ruinous loss. The managements and men did their bit by producing 3,500,000 tons less in 1953 than was conservatively expected of them on the basis of the 1951 level. That is to say, they produced 1,750,000 tons less than in 1952, instead of 1,750,000 tons more. Why was that? Charge it up to Coronation holidays? We don't and we won't. All the King's horses and men have tried to put the coal industry on its legs, and the encouraging signs of improvement not seldom trumpeted are promises, not performances, still. The N.C.B. and the union leaders scratch their heads and wonder why. The aristocrats of the vital industries afford them no hint to the answer. I am quite sure that the "responsible Minister," invited to solve the urgent problem of his department, is not so likely to succeed with the mines as with other vital services. Housing was, a year or two ago, a major problem. An energetic Minister solved it, did the impossible. Traffic congestion in great cities and on the roads is another. It is unsolved. It grows worse and worse. It looks as if the Premier should look round among his colleagues or outside for a couple more of miracle-workers. The men in charge of fuel and traffic problems may be supermen, but their jobs are defeating them. They have not proved to be miracle-workers.

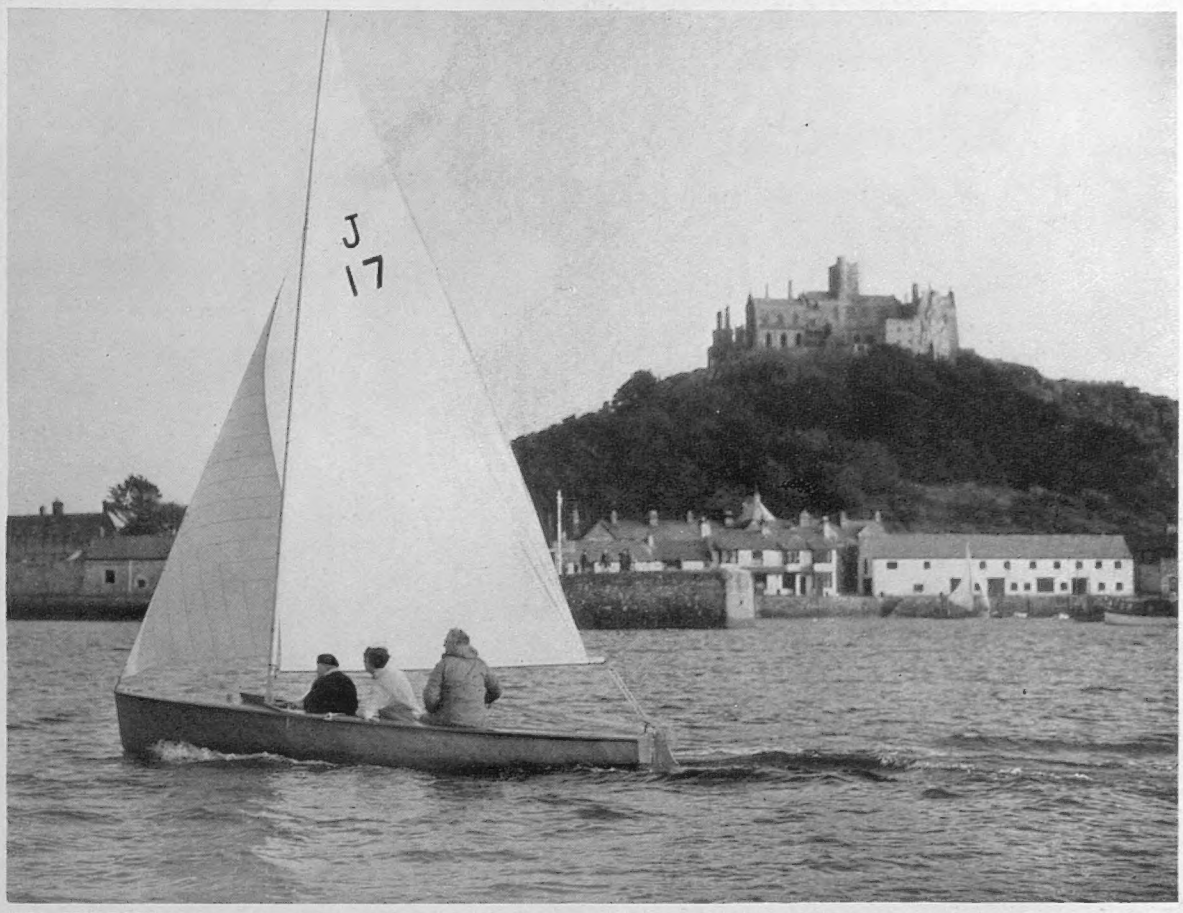
The Wakes.—A strong committee under the dynamic octogenarian, Sir Harry Brittain, is appealing for the necessary funds to enable Gilbert White's House, The Wakes, to be accepted by the National Trust to become a centre of natural history and a museum of the first British naturalist. The idea is to restore the house, as far as may be, to its eighteenth-century condition and (I hope) size. Purchase price and necessary endowment involve raising about £25,000. This sum should be attainable. I feel that some of the great and generous charitable trust funds will find any balance. The Gilbert White Memorial Fund, National Provincial Bank, Alton, Hants, will accept all donations. Alton will remind you of another gentle worthy of Hampshire. I pass Selborne and its Plaistor and The Wakes on my way to Chawton, where Jane Austen's home is long since turned into a living memorial to her. Jane Austen was about eighteen years old when White died. Her father, a Hampshire parson at Steventon, must sometimes have met White, and Jane must have known of his contemporary fame. Fame is a commodity which is never static. It may grow or diminish. The *D.N.B.* devotes twenty columns to White, three-and-a-half to Jane Austen! If *D.N.B.* were re-written, I wonder how many more columns would be given to Jane, but without loss to White. What was done so very quietly and privately and efficiently for Jane can surely be done by a public and august appeal for White. Hampshire alone, if England lags behind, will see to it that this anomaly is put right. Two of its greatest worthies are neighbours within walking distance, and their ghosts must meet, their homes be both restored as they were when they last looked at them.

Chelsea Flower Show.—Every year the set pieces are more wonderful, beautiful and natural. The purling brooks flow surely from a Devon spring; the rose gardens and paved walks and "cool grots" cannot surely be camouflaged among skyscraper flats and tall chimneys, and that ceaseless roar of traffic is surely the waves beating on a near-by Cornish beach. Many a small gardener ruefully accepts the demands of his village flower show upon the time of his own gardener, and accepts the stern claims of rejection of his own garden produce to secure the perfect specimens which will win his garden a rosette and 7s. 6d. Very little comes into the house in the week before the village show. And sometimes when I gape at the exhibits at Chelsea, I think of the waste that went to secure these perfect specimens; my heart bleeds for the rejections, while it bursts for the selections. And every year the garden gadgets at Chelsea are more tempting and wonderful. If you put your hand in your pocket, you can "cultivate your garden" without bending your back. But that wasn't what the famous phrase "*Il faut cultiver . . .*" was intended to mean. It was the philosophy of sweat and patience. And still, as of old, the charm and usefulness of gardening are comprised in a spade, and hope. But I know no lovelier and more grandly staged artifice than this annual pageant at Chelsea.

Christmas in May.—I am not a farmer's boy and am too old to grow into one. But from Mr. Street's latest novel (packed with farming saws) I learned that, at any rate for dairy farmers in South-West England, a warm, damp May is an essential for a good farming year and harvest. If so, the prospects for this year can't be bright. Except for our customary "two summer days," we have passed the month of May in cold storage. Nights in the early 40's, days shivering at 52 degs. at best. Very little rain, a day's fall hardly measurable. There are few minor ills more irritating than a wintry May, because all the eagerly anticipated thrills of spring and early summer are packed into May. The coming of the migrants, the first swallows, the cuckoo's call, the nightingale, the new green of the birches and larches. With June comes repletion, the green is solid and dark, the first nestlings flown, the thrills are past. One can be philosophic about it if one has twenty more summers to look forward to. I can't . . . and haven't. And cricket on the hearth is a poor substitute for cricket on the green, and even a fast game of polo is not well observed from inside a car or through the folds of a winter overcoat. You can 'ave May. I 've no further use for it.

THE OLD STAGER

A NEW BOAT FOR BRITAIN'S DISTINGUISHED DINGHY HELMSMAN



UFFA FOX RACING HIS NEW 18-FT. FAIREY MARINE OFF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL, DURING A DEMONSTRATION RUN: The boat, which Mr. Fox took with him to Marazion, when he stayed at St. Michael's Mount as the guest of Lord and Lady St. Levan, has not yet been named; she took to the water for the first time when launched from the shores of Mount's Bay for this demonstration. 18 ft. overall, the boat is built of moulded ply which is said to cut £200 to £300 from her building cost. She carries 160 sq. ft. of sail and a centre plate of 60 lb. During a race in Mount's Bay, the boat's capabilities were clearly seen, when she easily outsailed all-comers. In the picture *below*, Mr. Fox (who is the yachting correspondent of "The Sphere") points out details of the new boat, after conveying it by car across the causeway from Mount's Bay to the mainland.

DISASTER AT SEA

In One of the U.S. Navy's Worst Peacetime Disasters, Ninety-nine Men were Killed During Explosions and Fire Aboard the Aircraft-Carrier "Bennington"

THE U.S.S. "BENNINGTON" BERTHS AT THE NAVAL AIR STATION, QUONSET POINT, RHODE ISLAND: The fires and explosions which broke out earlier, as the carrier was cruising off Rhode Island, killed 99 of the crew and injured some 200 others. The cause of the explosions was believed to have been a defective launching catapult

THE GRIM LINE-UP OF AMBULANCES: As the *Bennington* berthed, this row of ambulances was waiting to take the 200 injured off to hospital; over seventy were reported to be in a critical condition.

A HELICOPTER LANDS A BADLY INJURED MAN FROM THE "BENNINGTON": Before even the rotors have stopped, sailors rush a casualty out. Many of the serious cases were flown out before the ship docked.

TWO OF THE CREW SEARCH FOR VICTIMS: The twisted steel partition indicates the force of the explosion. The severe casualties were thought to have arisen from the ventilating system carrying an explosive mixture down to the mess decks.

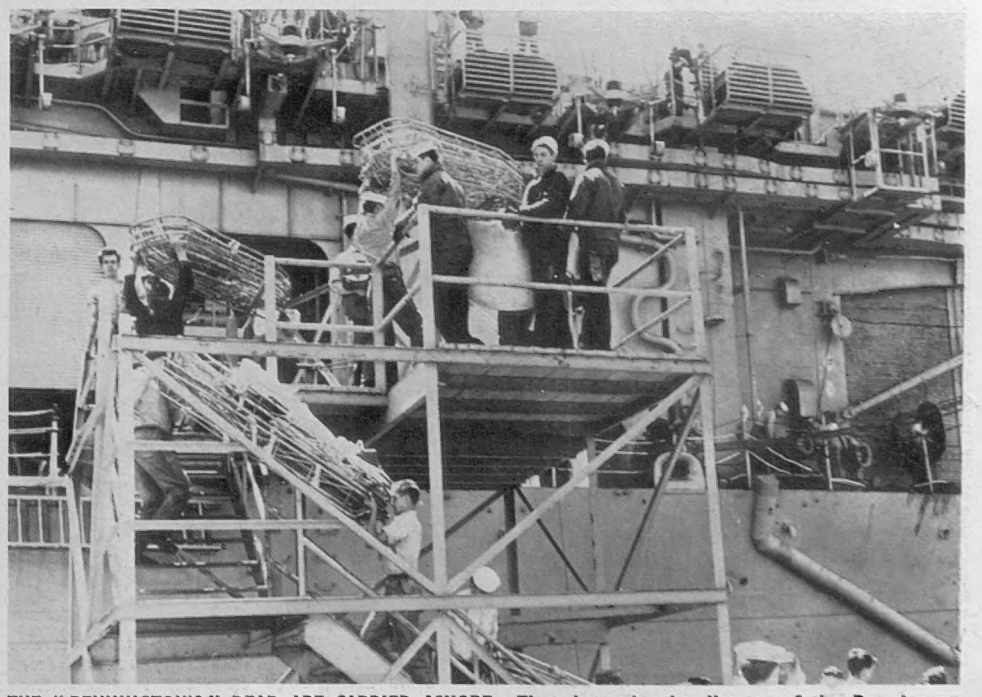
THE BUCKLED WRECKAGE OF THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS: The twisted bulkheads, smashed clothing locker and the tangled mattress and bunk show the force of the explosions. The captain, William F. Raborn, said that his crew behaved heroically and that he was "mighty proud" of them.

NO SIGNS OF TRAGEDY AS THE "BENNINGTON" BERTHS: All looks ship-shape aboard the carrier as she comes into Quonset. But between decks were the grim signs of the explosions that ripped through the ship at dawn off the New England coast. The accident occurred during the launching of some jet planes.

THE STRICKEN CARRIER AT SEA: Two helicopters can be seen on deck, there to take off the worst injured members of the crew. Five helicopters, operating a shuttle service, flew out sixty-two of the most serious cases.

AN OFFICER SEARCHES FOR HIS FLYING KIT: Lieutenant Jack Minner was asleep at the time of the explosion and was lucky only to be thrown out of his bunk.

THE OFFICERS' WARDROOM OF THE "BENNINGTON": Aircraft-carriers are vulnerable to this kind of accident because of the quantities of aviation spirit they carry. The *Bennington* has suffered two explosions before.



THE "BENNINGTON'S" DEAD ARE CARRIED ASHORE: Though tragic, the disaster of the *Bennington* is not quite the worst peacetime accident in the U.S. Navy. In 1952 the carrier *Wasp* rammed the destroyer *Hobson* in mid-Atlantic, with the loss of 178 of the *Hobson's* crew.

Foreign News in Pictures

PRISONERS IN INDO-CHINA

And News of Other Events Throughout the World

THE WIFE OF THE HERO OF DIEN BIEN PHU ARRIVES IN PARIS: Stepping from a plane at Le Bourget Airport is Jacqueline de Castries, wife of General Christian de Castries. She had flown from Hanoi, where she had been waiting by a wireless set for news of her husband for most of the time that he was so heroically defending Dien Bien Phu. She was accompanied back to Paris by General Ely, the French Chief of Staff, who, with Generals Salan and Pelissier, had been making a quick five-day tour of the Indo-China theatre. Back in Hanoi, morale has ebbed since the fall of Dien Bien Phu. Among its 200,000 inhabitants rumours were running wild and a Viet-Minh assault was expected at any moment. Some 100,000 Viet-Minh were reported to have infiltrated into the Red River delta area and were making sporadic attacks on the communications between Hanoi and its port of Haiphong, 50 miles away. Further dissensions, moreover, were splitting the Associated States: the Government of Cambodia were considering leaving the franc monetary area on account of Viet Nam's refusal to hand over £2,000,000, Cambodia's share of Indo-Chinese Customs duties.

A VIET NAM MINISTER VISITS A PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP: Dr. Huyen Viet Nam's Minister of Labour, is seen talking to Viet-Minh prisoners of war in a camp at Phu Lam. The number of Franco Viet Nam prisoners in enemy hands is, of course, now far greater

FRENCH PRISONERS OF THE VIET-MINH: This is one of the pictures recently released by the Viet-Minh as part of a propaganda drive. According to French sources, the Viet-Minh now hold some 18,000 French Union troops as prisoners.

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS: Another of Viet-Minh's pictures of French Union prisoners at play, issued to show the world how well they treat them. Of the 10,000 taken at Dien Bien Phu, Viet-Minh agreed to release 858 of those who were badly wounded. The last of them were evacuated last week and the total included eighty Viet Namese and eleven officers.

WOMEN GO TO THE POLLS IN SOUTH KOREA: So eager were South Korean women to exercise their hard-won suffrage that they dropped all domestic chores bar their young children. There were 1,000 candidates for 203 seats, 100 seats being kept open for representatives of North Korea. Syngman Rhee's Liberal Party, with 109 seats, gained a slight overall majority but not the two-thirds required to push through Rhee's constitutional changes.

On right—

TROUBLE FOR THE "BLACK EAGLE": Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, known as the "Black Eagle of Harlem," an ex-airman, argues with New York Customs officials for the return of 91,000 dollars-worth of arms which they had seized while on the way from Italy to Guatemala. Julian says that he has been handling military purchases for the Guatemalan Government on contract since 1949, but the United States frowns on the present Guatemalan regime as pro-Communist; the arms consignment, 25,000 rounds of anti-aircraft ammunition, was shipped via New York instead of direct to Guatemala and was seized by officials there six months ago.

FRAU ROMMEL GOES TO THE PICTURES WITH NEGUIB : In Cairo, the widow of Field-Marshal Rommel, Commander of the Afrika Korps, is seen with President Neguib at a gala performance of the German documentary film, *This Was Our Rommel*. On the other side of Neguib is Dr. Grunther Pawelke, the West German Ambassador. During her stay in Cairo, Frau Rommel was an active sightseer. Among her trips was the 60 miles from Cairo to El Alamein—the trip that her late husband was unable himself to make. There she visited the Italian-built German cemetery, where some 7,000 of Rommel's men lie buried.

OPENING OF NEW AUTOBAHN : Hans Seebohm, West German Minister of Transport, addresses guests and spectators at the opening of the newly-completed autobahn bridge at Dreilinden, the West Berlin check-point. The bridge, on the road connecting West Berlin with West Germany, was bombed during the war.

ELECTION IN CASABLANCA : A French civil servant explains to 600 delegates, representing the labourers, shopkeepers and artisans of Casablanca, the system under which they are to elect a new Djemma, or municipal assembly. The Djemma, which is elected by a show of hands, has been constituted as part of the reforms for Morocco which have been agreed upon by France and the Sultan.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT'S GRANDDAUGHTER IN PARIS : M. René Coty, the President of France, seen kissing his granddaughter, Janine Egloff, who was marrying Lieut. Jean-Paul Lemarechal, an Army engineer. Madame Coty was also present at the wedding. The ceremony took place in the little church of St. Francois de Sale, in the Rue Ampère.

On right—

U.S. DEFENCE CHIEF CALLS ON PRESIDENT RHEE : The American Secretary of Defence, Charles E. Wilson, is seen with South Korea's President, Syngman Rhee, during his recent visit to Seoul. The President's official residence is still covered with rope-net camouflage—a relic of the fighting in Korea. Wilson spent three days in Korea to confer with American and Korean military officials. Later he left for Formosa to confer with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

THE HOLY WALLS OF ROME : Part of the city wall in Rome, which is covered with pictures of the Madonna hung there by citizens. The custom of placing these pictures on the wall started when passengers in a tramcar passing near the place all escaped injury after a bomb had exploded. One of the passengers pasted a picture of the Madonna on the wall near by to show his gratitude, and he was followed by others. Now several stretches of the wall have been covered with pictures, and some of them are frequently used as wayside shrines.

A POPE IS CANONIZED

Pius X, the Son of a Postman, Becomes the First Pope to be Raised to Sainthood Since 1712

Last Saturday evening, in an impressive ceremony in St. Peter's Square, in the very heart of the Roman Catholic Church, Pope Pius XII conferred sainthood upon Pope Pius X and announced his feast day as August 20. More than 300,000 people crowded into St. Peter's Square for the canonization, while thousands of others witnessed the ceremony on television. The day-long ceremonies began in the morning, inside the basilica, when a Pontifical Mass was celebrated in the presence of the Pope by Cardinal Tisserant, Dean of the Sacred College. Later, the casket containing the remains of Blessed Pope Pius X was borne in procession through the streets of Rome and placed near the Altar of Confession in Santa Maria Maggiore. In the evening long processions of dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church converged on St. Peter's Square and they, in turn, were followed by the Pope in the *sedia gestatoria*. On arrival at the Throne his Holiness received the Cardinals Procurator of Canonization, who requested the Pope "to inscribe in the Catalogue of Saints of Our Lord Jesus Christ and to the decree that there shall be venerated as Saint by all the faithful of Christ" the Blessed Pius X. Then followed prayers and the singing of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and finally the declaration of canonization.

Pope Pius X, born on June 2, 1835, at Riete, Treviso, was Giuseppe Melchiorre Sarto, the son of a postman. In his boyhood days he used to walk barefoot nine miles to school. He was ordained priest in 1858, and succeeded Leo XIII as Pope in 1903.

THE APPEAL FOR CANONIZATION: Gaetane Cardinal Cicognani (standing second from right at the foot of the steps leading up to the purple-draped Papal Throne), Prefect of the Vatican Congregation of Rites, beseeches the Pontiff to proclaim Pope Pius X as a Saint.

THOUSANDS OF PILGRIMS THRONG ST. PETER'S SQUARE, ROME, FOR THE CEREMONY MARKING THE CANONIZATION OF POPE PIUS X: This picture, taken from the top of St. Peter's Basilica, shows a big banner bearing a painting of the new saint being borne in procession, prior to the canonization ceremony held outside the main door of the Basilica. Pope Pius X, whose Pontificate was distinguished for the attention given to increasing the discipline of the Church and suppressing modernism, died on August 20, 1914.

On right—

A REPRESENTATIVE FROM BRITAIN: The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Bernard Griffin, seen walking in procession to St. Peter's for the ceremony.

THE IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIAL OF AN OPEN-AIR CANONIZATION: *Left*—The scene outside St. Peter's Basilica just after the Proclamation of the new Saint, when the huge banner hanging from a balcony had been unveiled. *Right*—Pope Pius XII blesses the people as he is carried in procession to the Papal Throne in St. Peter's Square. Many Cardinals and Prelates also attended the ceremony. There are two miracles attributed to Pius X: the one is his appearing to Nun Maria Ludovica Scorcia, who was cured after being stricken with meningitis, and the other his appearing to a Naples lawyer, Francesco Belsani, who was cured of a lung ailment.

THE NEW AND OLD TOWNS OF YELLOWKNIFE, CANADA'S GOLDMINING CENTRE IN THE NORTHWEST TERRITORIES: The rocky promontory in the background, jutting out into the Great Slave Lake, was the site of the original settlement of Yellowknife. Because the old site was based on solid rock, in which it was impossible to lay water-pipes, a new township has been built since the war, a mile inland from the old one. The Duke of Edinburgh visits Yellowknife this summer.

THE DOCKS AT YELLOWKNIFE: Nearly all Yellowknife's supplies are brought in during the three-month summer shipping season, when the lake is unfrozen; a year's supply of most needs is shipped in barges drawn by Diesel tugs. In the background are the oil-storage tanks; in the foreground warehouses and a church mission.

YELLOWKNIFE:
BOOMING CENTRE OF CANADIAN GOLDMINING

Three Hundred Miles from the Arctic Circle, it is One of the Towns to be Visited by the Duke of Edinburgh this Summer

On the shores of the Great Slave Lake, some 700 miles north of Edmonton, lies Yellowknife, Canada's fastest-growing town in the Northwest Territories. Ten years ago it was a cluster of temporary buildings on a bald, rocky promontory jutting into Yellowknife Bay. To-day a new town has grown up, a mile back from the rock outcrop, where water and sewage pipes can be safely laid.

Yellowknife was first discovered by the great Scottish pioneer of Canada's Northwest, Sir Alexander Mackenzie. He reached it in 1789 and named it after the local Indian tribe, who were called Yellowknifes because of the copper knives they all carried. But Mackenzie missed all traces of the yellower and far more precious metal on which Yellowknife was later to thrive. That was gold. Not only did Mackenzie miss it, but so did those hardy prospectors who trekked through Yellowknife on their way north to join in the Yukon gold rushes.

Gold was first discovered in the Yellowknife Bay area by a geological party of the Canadian Department of Mines in 1933. Next year visiting prospectors staked their claims and by 1935 a major rush had started.

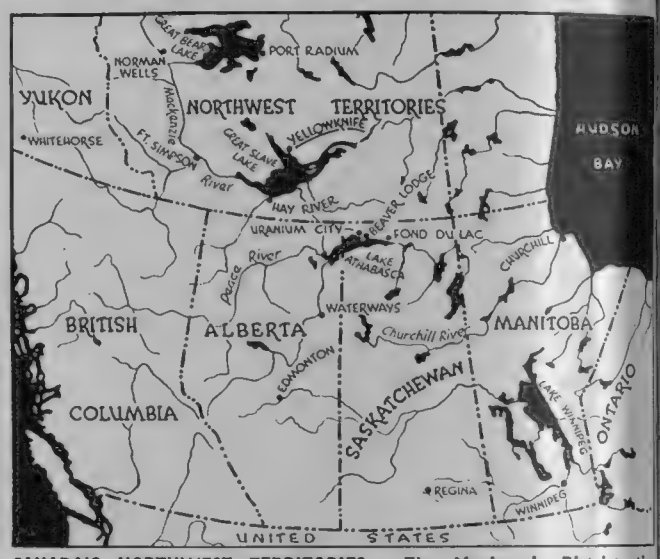
In 1938 the first goldmine—operated by the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company—went into production. But the Second World War brought a temporary recession in the goldmining industry; the shortage of labour and the need to concentrate on mining strategically important minerals caused the

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE SEAPLANE BASE AT YELLOWKNIFE: In the harbour of Yellowknife Bay a seaplane can be seen landing. Outside the summer months, most of the transport to Yellowknife is by air. Landplanes use an aerodrome about five miles from the town and there is a daily service to Edmonton.

YELLOWKNIFE: CANADA'S GOLDMINE

THE GIANT YELLOWKNIFE MINE IN CLOSE-UP: No. 2 and No. 3 head-frames of the mine can be seen on the left. On the right is the mill where the gold ore is smelted. The Giant Yellowknife was opened in 1948 and is now the largest producer there. Gold refining is also carried on in Yellowknife.



CANADA'S NORTHWEST TERRITORIES: The Mackenzie District, the area round the Great Bear and Great Slave Lakes, once solely a hunting-ground for fur trappers, is now an area of intensive mineral development. Deposits of gold, oil, nickel, copper, lead, iron, zinc, uranium, tungsten and coal have all been found there.

THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS: The Northwest Territories, in which Yellowknife lies, are not yet self-governing but are administered by the Federal Government. These buildings house the Magistrate's Court, the Government-operated liquor store, together with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachment.

(*Continued from previous page*)

Yellowknife community to dwindle to a mere 500. This state only lasted for the duration of the war; in 1945 Yellowknife started to boom again. In 1948 the Giant Yellowknife mine came into production and is now the major producer in that area. Between 1947 and 1952 gold production soared from just over 2,000,000 dollars' worth in a year to 8,438,861 dollars' worth: the total value of the production over those years was 51,233,247 dollars.

Yellowknife to-day, with a population of nearly 3,000, is one of the world's most up-to-date mining communities. And its growth does not fit in to the general pattern of gold-rush towns in the New World—the Wild West pattern of saloons, six-guns, gambling houses and a universal contempt for law and order. This is probably due to the fact that the gold is not easily accessible, which has tended to concentrate the mining into the hands of the big mining combines; or it may be that people now are just more law-abiding.

Yellowknife, though 700 miles north of Edmonton, which most Canadians think of as a northern city, is still 300 miles on the warm side of the Arctic Circle. The Canadian Government were quick to see its future importance and gave much help to the community in its early days. The present site of the town was surveyed in 1945 and plans were laid for its development. In 1949, the water and sewage system to serve the new area was completed. The system was designed for a continuous flow of water which, because of the extremes of temperature, meant pre-heating the water to prevent it freezing in the mains.

Now, in this town of miners and prospectors, practically all the amenities of civilisation are available. The Government supplies the town and the mines with hydro-electric power from its Snare River plant 75 miles away. There are churches, a hotel, a cinema, nine restaurants, banks, shops, stores, a weekly newspaper, and a daily air service from Edmonton. There is a modern school, better equipped than many in Southern Canada, which teaches all grades to the university entrance level; there is also a 40-bed hospital, operated by the Red Cross, which was completed in 1948 at a cost of nearly 300,000 dollars. In fact, the modern Canadian prospector has taken civilisation with him.

But because practically all supplies have to be imported, the cost of living is pretty high. Most goods are brought up during the summer—by rail from Edmonton to Fort Murray, and thence by barge *via* the Athataska River and Great Slave Lake. Winter freight (for which the rates are higher) comes in by "cat trains," Diesel-powered tractors hauling big sleds across the ice-covered lake.

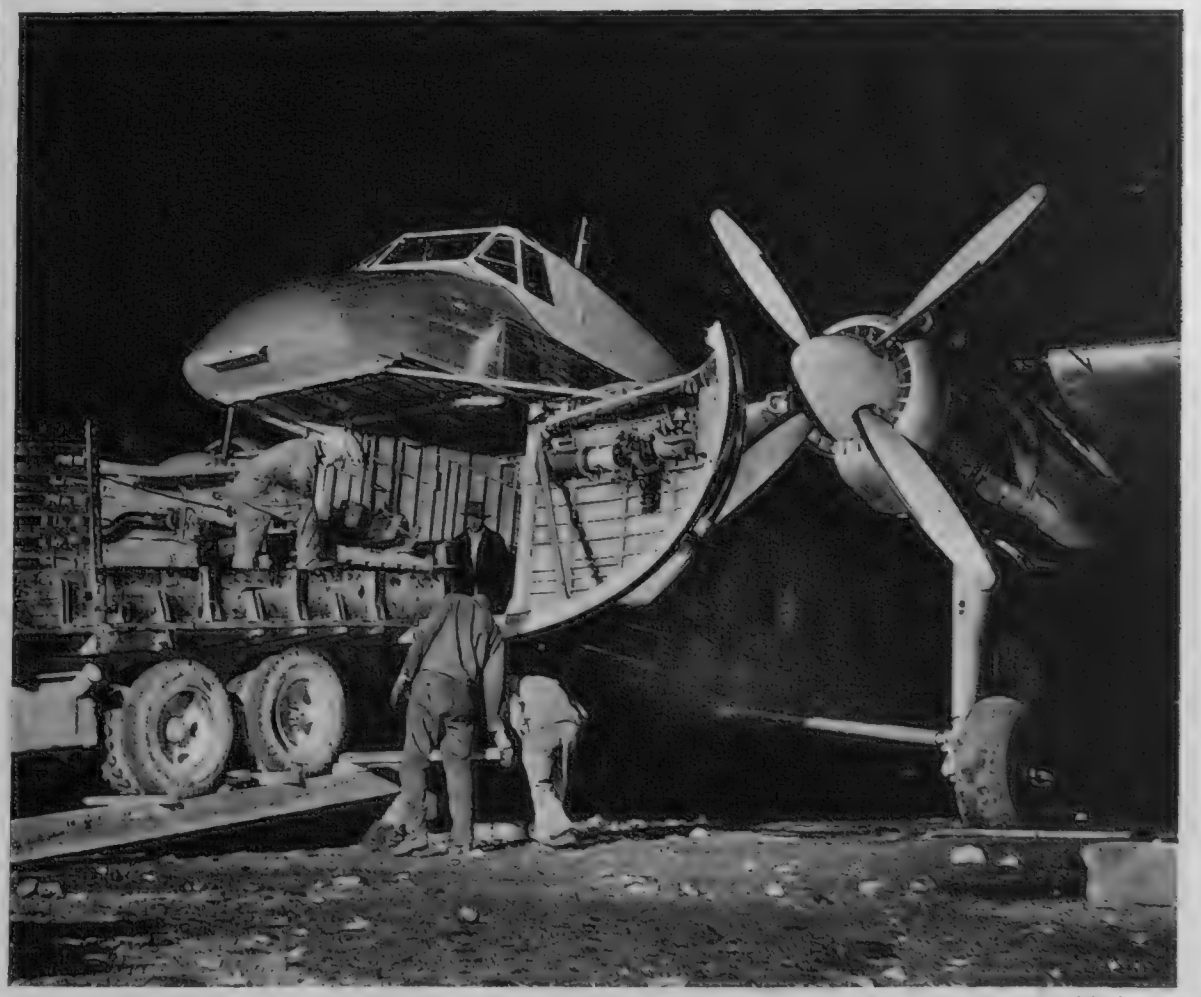
Yellowknife is the centre of the Canadian Government's drive to extend mineral exploration in the Northwest Territories. Remarkable facilities are available in the town to would-be prospectors. Most of the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories has been covered by aerial photography by the R.C.A.F., and this programme of photography is being continued each year. A library of aerial photographs is maintained

THE COUNTRY SURROUNDING THE GIANT YELLOWKNIFE MINE : In this bleak country, only 300 miles south of the Arctic Circle, Yellowknife has boomed into a town of 3,000 inhabitants and is still expanding. Besides being the centre of the goldmining industry, it is also a base for further exploration of the Northwest Territories.

A GOLD ASSAYER TESTS A CRUCIBLE OF GOLD : Above is the assay furnace of Consolidated Discovery Yellowknife Mines, one of Yellowknife's three major companies.

at Yellowknife to help prospectors determine a potential mineral-bearing area ; a reference library on mining and geology helps them keep abreast with the latest techniques. As many areas round the Yellowknife district have not been fully prospected, the Government also sends out geological parties periodically to investigate them ; their results are then made public. This system has greatly helped the development of mining in the Northwest Territories.

The Northwest Territories, in which Yellowknife lies, are 1,500,000 sq. miles in extent, but populated only by 16,000 Eskimos, Indians and whites. It has not yet reached provincial status, and the area is governed by a Commissioner, who is appointed by the Federal Government. But as Yellowknife's community grows, so does its feeling of independence ; it now has its own municipal administration to govern local affairs. And its latest move to put itself on the map is a typically Canadian one : it has built an ice-rink and formed an ice-hockey team which, they hope, will one day win the championship of Canada's national game.



A FREIGHTER AIRCRAFT IS LOADED AT YELLOWKNIFE AIRPORT : This Bristol freighter is being loaded with heavy equipment for shipping to a remote mining development. Mineral prospecting is given every encouragement ; at Yellowknife there is a library of aerial photographs to help prospectors find promising-looking ground.

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL AND INTERESTING EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON—PART OF THE DISPLAY OF THE LATE QUEEN MARY'S ART TREASURES AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM : This is one of the several Bays (in this case a drawing-room) which have been arranged to correspond approximately to rooms or groups of rooms in Marlborough House. Many of the smaller objects are for the most part exhibited in the showcases used by Queen Mary, but a number of the more important exhibits are set out in museum showcases in the middle of the gallery. There are between 3,000 and 4,000 art treasures on show and the collection has been placed on view by permission of the Queen. Two of the three big portraits seen in this picture are of King George III.

A UNIQUE COLLECTION OF ART TREASURES

Further Pictures of the Display of Queen Mary's Art Treasures at the Victoria and Albert Museum, which Provides One of the Most Fascinating Exhibitions in London

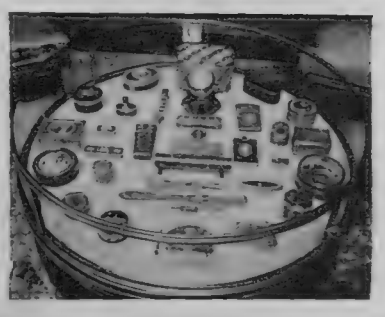
THE SITTING-ROOM SECTION : Standing on the cabinet with gilt brass mounts is a nineteenth-century English bracket clock in a tortoiseshell ormolu case. Above hangs a group painting, by T. E. Earl, of King George V, Princess Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth) and Princess Margaret, with their ponies in Windsor Park. On the right-hand wall hangs an early nineteenth-century gilt convex mirror fitted with four lights.

QUEEN MARY'S SITTING-ROOM : In the centre is a large satinwood bookcase containing books from her late Majesty's collection; on the right is her desk. The needlework on the three painted satinwood chairs; on the gilt armchair and on the small carpet (lent by the Queen Mother) was all worked by Queen Mary. The carpet bears twenty-one groups of flowers adapted from Elizabethan designs, and is signed and dated "Mary R. 1950." The portrait on the left is of the Queen (when Princess Elizabeth), with a favourite dog.

ANOTHER CORNER OF THE LARGE DRAWING-ROOM AND THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM : On the right is one of two Chinese lacquer cabinets and in the centre is a showcase containing a collection of English and Continental piqué-work.

On left—

DRESSES, PARASOLS AND HATS OF QUEEN MARY : From left are the dress of pale-blue lace worn at the Festival of Britain service in St. Paul's Cathedral, 1951 ; cream lace dress worn at Holyrood ; gold lamé dress, embroidered with beads, worn at George VI's Coronation, and the dress of blue velvet and gold worn at the Queen's wedding in 1947.



THE ROSEWOOD WRITING-TABLE WITH GILT BRASS MOUNTS : This was in constant use by Queen Mary. The oval portrait of George V was painted in 1911 by I. Snowman. The showcase contains cameos, miniature mosaics and many pieces by C. Fabergé.

On left—

OBJETS D'ART : Included in this case are a gold musical box and watch (Swiss), with an enamel picture of Christ and the woman of Samaria ; an enamelled gold toilet box (French, about 1840) ; and a Japanese lacquer toilet box with gold mounts (French, 1750).

TAPESTRIES WOVEN AT BRUSSELS IN THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AND SHOWING VILLAGE FÊTE SCENES : They dominate the bay known as the waiting room, and belong to a similar set in The Saloon. The bureau bookcase is early nineteenth-century English, as are the pair of side-tables beneath the tapestries. Great crowds are expected to attend the exhibition and the Victoria and Albert authorities have made special arrangements to cope with the extra visitors. A detailed description of the exhibition and some of its highlights was given by L. G. G. Ramsey in last week's issue of THE SPHERE. The exhibition will continue until the end of the year ; the admission fee is 1s.

THE HARD-LIVING WELSH BLACKS

Although the Breed is Far from Common To-day, the Welsh Blacks are Hardy Cattle and are Ideal for the Very Difficult Conditions in which they Live

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

RETURNING to my native land, North-West Wales, for an all too brief visit recently, I was very interested—"excited" might, perhaps, be a more suitable word—to see a herd of Welsh Black cattle ranging a hillside. It was some time since I had seen Welsh Blacks (except for a few specimen beasts at the more important agricultural shows, which is not the same thing at all), and it was refreshing—after being accustomed to the sedate lumbering gait of our modern "milk-factories" over the comparatively smooth fields of Southern England—to watch their agility on really rough and steeply sloping ground. The sight called to mind one of the hazards of fishing in my youth—a Welsh Black bull of feline curiosity and an indecent turn of speed.

This herd on the hillside reminded me, too, that we are a country quite astonishingly rich in breeds of livestock. We have no fewer than twenty breeds of horses and ponies: no fewer than twenty-four breeds of cattle (and I suppose that one could increase that figure justifiably to twenty-five, since there are now one or two herds of Canadian Holsteins in the country; on the other hand, three of our accepted breeds of long-standing are now no more than "survivals," kept—in steadily decreasing numbers—for sentimental reasons and having no commercial value whatsoever); no fewer than thirty-three breeds of sheep; no fewer than twelve breeds of pigs—and I am not including the recent introduction of the Landrace from Scandinavia. It is an impressive list.

The reason for this multiplicity of breeds is that most of them were evolved to suit particular conditions—of soil, climate and so on. They were originally regional breeds, and most of them, to this day, bear regional names. There was a time, and it was not so very long ago, when, if you had no knowledge of geography but knew your farm animals, you could tell pretty well where you were in Britain by the animals in the fields. The regional breeds had a regional significance.

And some of them, at least, had a deeper significance. Their names meant something in the butchers' shops. Until comparatively recently—perhaps in isolated cases even up to the outbreak of the Second World War—the best of the butchers' shops used to have metal or enamel crescent labels, which were hung on thin chains on the joints displayed, and which indicated the origin of the meat for sale—Welsh or Southdown mutton, Hereford or Lincoln beef, and so on. In those days there was choice: you did not just buy a joint, you bought a particular joint, and you did so after discussion with your butcher, who took a deep personal interest in his meat and in his customer. Welsh mutton is of the very highest quality, and was much esteemed by epicures; certain cuts of beef were considered to be better from Herefords, certain other cuts better from Lincolns; and was there not something special about the saddle of a Southdown? The "refrigerator" ships dealt that sort of choice a grievous blow, and the war finished what the Argentine and New Zealand exporters had begun. The crescent labels have vanished from the butchers' shops, never I fear, to return. I hope that some may have found homes in museums.

Much of the regional significance of our breeds has also disappeared. (And so, for that matter, have some of the breeds. I do not think that there are any of the old Lleyn breed of sheep left now—not pure-bred, at any rate—and the Prescelly and Rhiw Hill breeds are certainly extinct.) It would rarely be possible for a stranger nowadays to say with reasonable certainty what part of Britain he was in from a glance at the farm animals. It would be easier for him with sheep than with cattle or pigs. The Exmoor is still pretty well confined to Exmoor, the Herdwick to the Fells, the Welsh Mountain to the Welsh mountains (for the simple reason that it is next door to impossible to confine a Welsh Mountain sheep), the Lonk to the Pennines. But many of our other breeds have burst their regional boundaries. The Scots Blackface, for example, may now be found in many parts of the country—and they are even developing a Dartmoor type of Scots Blackface in Devon.

With cattle it would not be far from the truth to say that, with the exception of two breeds—the Welsh Black and the Kyloe, which is the proper name for the West Highland—region no longer plays any part. The Scots breeds—Ayrshire (though that breed is surely Dutch in origin or, at least, Dutch-crossed on the old Teeswater), Galloway and Belted Galloway, and Aberdeen-Angus—are now to be found all over the country; the Ayrshire, I believe, in every county in England. You no longer have to go to East Anglia to see Red Polls, to the Channel Islands to see Guernseys or Jerseys, to the Welsh Marches to see the white-faced Herefords. And all over England now you may see the big black-and-white Dutch cattle, the Friesians.

All the same, there is something extraordinarily satisfying in seeing a breed against its natural background. It is, I think, something to do with colour. One would have thought that, after close on fifty years, the Friesian would match the background of English fields and hedges. For most of us, it does. I cannot say that I have ever thought of them as strange or out-of-place in the fields of Hampshire. I am accustomed to the sight of them. Yet, not long ago, I was talking to a Sussex farmhand, an old man who has spent his life with cattle and who is working on a farm with a pedigree Friesian herd. He called them "they pied furriners." And he went on to say that it was red cattle that matched the Sussex clay. He meant, of course, the big red Sussex breed, now become rather uncommon. The Friesian has never struck me as a "pied furriner"; but a few weeks back I saw a herd of Belted Galloways on a Wiltshire Down, and thought how odd and out-of-place they looked. And I have never thought that of them when I have seen them by the Solway Firth. And what a difference the right background can make to an animal! A Welsh Black in a Hampshire field would look just another black cow, a rather insignificant black cow. On a Welsh mountainside it becomes a magnificent animal.

SHEEP COME TO TOWN—A COUNTRYSIDE SETTING FOR KENSINGTON PALACE: This picture was taken last month, when several hundred sheep were turned out to graze in Kensington Palace Gardens. During the war years sheep were often seen in other London parks.

The exact origin of the Welsh Black—as is the case with all our older breeds—is not known. It seems to be generally agreed, however, that it is an extremely old breed. Some enthusiasts, indeed, claim that it is the oldest of all British breeds, and there are many more who maintain that it resembles more closely than any other breed the cattle that were in Britain in pre-Roman times.

I do not think that there is any foundation whatever for the belief that it is the oldest of British breeds. The cattle of this country are descended from two main sources, *Bos primigenius* and *Bos longifrons*. The former, a gigantic creature, with an enormous span of horns, belongs properly to prehistoric times. No modern breed resembles it in size. *Bos longifrons*, more recent in time than *B. primigenius*, was a much smaller animal, and certainly had a greater influence on the development of our native British breeds.

But there can be no doubt that Welsh cattle are very old. Some historians are of the opinion that the cattle in Britain at the time of the Roman Conquest were black (others maintain that they were dun), and that they were driven westward by the natives in the face of the Roman advance. It seems to me that there is, in fact, very little, if any, evidence to support the theory of a westward retreat by the British with their cattle before the Roman advance. The retreat to the west—such as it was—came, surely, in face of the Saxon and Norse invasions. Be that as it may, it is a fact that it is in the Celtic regions of the British Isles that wholly black or largely black cattle—Aberdeen-Angus, Dexter, Belted Galloway, Galloway, Kerry, Welsh Black—are found to-day. There is no black breed native to the east or south of England. It will be seen, therefore, that Welsh cattle are of ancient and noble lineage. But to claim that the Welsh Black, as such, is an ancient breed is sheer nonsense.

A hundred years ago there were several distinct local breeds in Wales, and not one of them was wholly black, though all of them contained a proportion, and two of them a great preponderance, of black individuals. Roughly speaking, the cattle of the Severn–Wye region were red and white, with speckled faces—the ancestors of the modern Hereford—and the further west you went, the more black cattle you met. There were "mouse-coloured" cattle and belted cattle, not at all unlike the modern Belted Galloway, but smaller and lighter. There was the famous breed of "smokey-faced" cattle, dark grey, almost black, animals with lighter grey faces, which were mostly to be found in Montgomery, and which survived in small numbers up to the First World War. And there were the two breeds in which wholly black animals predominated—the Anglesey and the Castlemartin. Even these, though definitely Welsh and black at that, were certainly not Welsh Blacks as we know them to-day. A Herd Book was started for the Wastlemartin in 1874 and one for the Anglesey a few years later, but the Welsh Black cannot be said to have become a recognised breed until 1904, when the Welsh Black Cattle Society was founded, with one Herd Book for the whole country.

A mere fifty years. And yet I have recently heard the Welsh Black described as an "interesting survival," a breed kept in being in a world that has outstripped it solely for patriotic reasons. Well, it is true that even in North and West Wales the Welsh Black is far from common to-day. Welsh "runts" have been eagerly sought after for centuries for the rich grazing lands of England—you can trace their progress by the inn signs: The Black Bull and The Drovers' Arms, in particular—and as graziers' cattle their fame remains. Only to-day there are not sufficient beasts. And the reason for this can be summed up in one word—milk. They give milk that is certainly no more than average, and, as dairy cattle milk nowadays, they are not heavy milkers. In a country which is very favourable for milk production the Welsh Black cannot compete.

But, in this case, quantity is not everything and quality is unimportant. I have heard it said that there might be some room for the Welsh Black, that it might survive, if the breed was "improved." But you can only improve within conditions. If you compare the native cattle of West Africa with a modern Friesian or Ayrshire, there can be no doubt which is the better beast as a beast. But the Ayrshire or the Friesian would not last a week in tropical West Africa. The native cattle are the better beasts under the conditions imposed. It is not the quality nor the quantity of milk that a Welsh Black gives that matters: what is important is that they will give milk under conditions that would speedily stop production in any of the recognised "improved" dairy breeds.

The Welsh Black is quite astonishingly hardy. They flourish on Plynlimmon, at between 1,400 and 2,400 ft., throughout the year—and Plynlimmon in winter is not a health resort. These cattle have no housing whatever and the cows calve in the open. Hard living, but in a period of ten years the services of a veterinary surgeon were not required. Sheep are, of course, and must remain, the masters of mountain farming: cattle are subsidiary. But, as Captain Bennett Evans proved conclusively, the Welsh Black can improve sheep ground enormously and at a very low cost. Far from being an "interesting survival," the Welsh Black is the ideal animal for the very difficult conditions in which it lives. And it has proved that it can do equally well under very difficult conditions in India, and in mountain areas of America. "Improve" it, and you must find something else to take its place.

It is often said that we have far too many breeds in Britain. The advocates of standardisation would like to see only one or two breeds, one or two improved breeds, of sheep and pigs and cattle—they do not worry about horses, but maybe they would like to see only one or two types of tractor!—and they point out that all our competitors in other parts of the world specialise in one, or in one or two, breeds. The suggestion is that if we were to scrap most of our breeds and concentrate on one or two for each type of animal, then we should do very much better in world competition. But which one or two?

In fact, of course, we do not compete and we never could compete. We play a different part, and the most important part of all, in world livestock farming. We are the stud farm of the world. Those who complain that we have too many breeds, that we fritter away our energies when we should conserve them by concentrating on a few standard breeds, forget that the rest of the world still comes to us to renew their stock. Every one of our breeds, evolved to meet some peculiar condition of soil or climate, is of immense value to us. With everyone we scrap we shall lose some custom.

Ascension Day Ceremonial

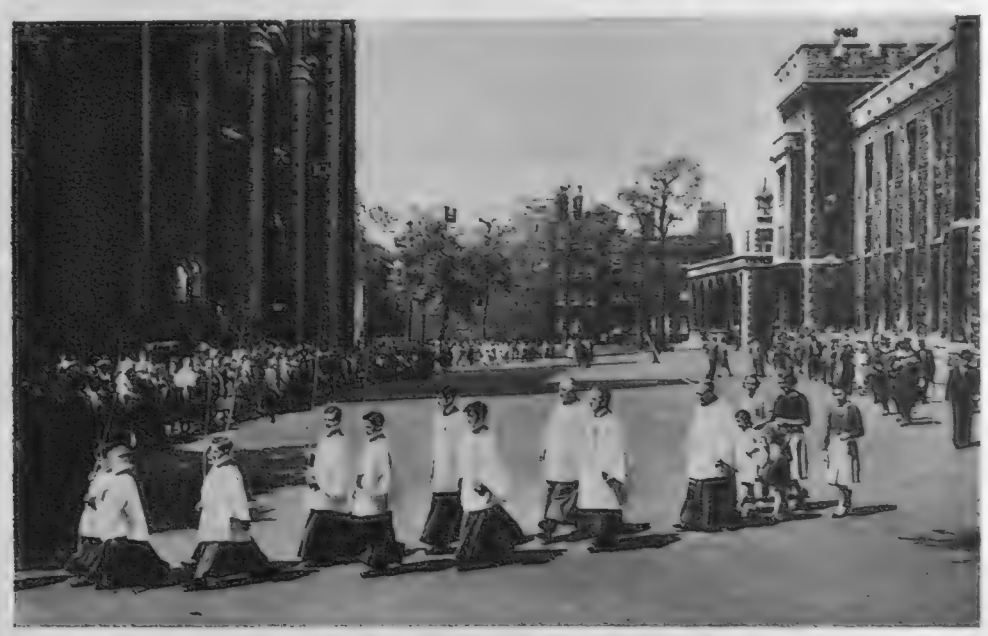
BEATING THE BOUNDS OF THE TOWER OF LONDON

This Year the Ceremony Took Place in Brilliant Sunshine

THE PROCESSION SETS OUT AFTER A SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA: The chaplain, the Rev. R. M. La Port-Payne, preceded by the Chief Warder, leads the choir to the first of the thirty-one boundary marks on the water-front near Tower Pier. The ceremony of beating the bounds of a parish is believed to date back to Anglo-Saxon times and is usually observed during Rogationtide or on Ascension Day. The earliest recorded ceremony at the Tower of London was in 1555. Its object was to instil into the younger generation the local boundaries which they whipped. The beating of the bounds of the Tower is now observed, with full ceremony, every three years, and this year the occasion took place on a day of bright sunshine. Many of the boundary stones are small iron plates placed at the foot of the walls; others are sunk in the roads round Tower Hill.

PASSING THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY WAKEFIELD TOWER, THE HOME OF THE CROWN JEWELS: As it was a bright and sunny day, many people watched the procession pass by; some, indeed, also made the rounds. The boys and girls carried white osier wands.

THE BOYS HAVE A WHACKING TIME: At the same time the Chaplain pronounces "Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark."



LEAVING THE PRECINCTS OF THE TOWER: Following the choir are Yeomen Warders in full State uniform. The ceremony of Beating the Bounds has now been revived in many other parishes in the country.

On left—

YET ANOTHER HALT: In former days, in some parishes, as an aid to memory, the boys were sometimes beaten or bumped on the stones. Prior to the Reformation, the prayer for a good harvest was a feature of the procession. Standing on the left of this picture is Mr. Allan Griffin, the new Chief Warder.

THE ARTIFICIAL CAVE WHERE THE SIXTH GREAT BUDDHIST COUNCIL IS BEING HELD: This cave, which took some fourteen months to build, is said to be a replica of the one in which the first Great Council was held at Rajagaha, in India, immediately after the death of Buddha. The foundation-stone of the cave seen above was laid last year by the Prime Minister of Burma, U Nu. The Council, only the sixth to be held in 2,498 years, will last for two years.

THE SIXTH GREAT BUDDHIST COUNCIL

The Meeting of Buddhist Monks at Rangoon Which Will Last Two Years, During Which the Teachings of Buddha Will be Discussed and Perpetuated

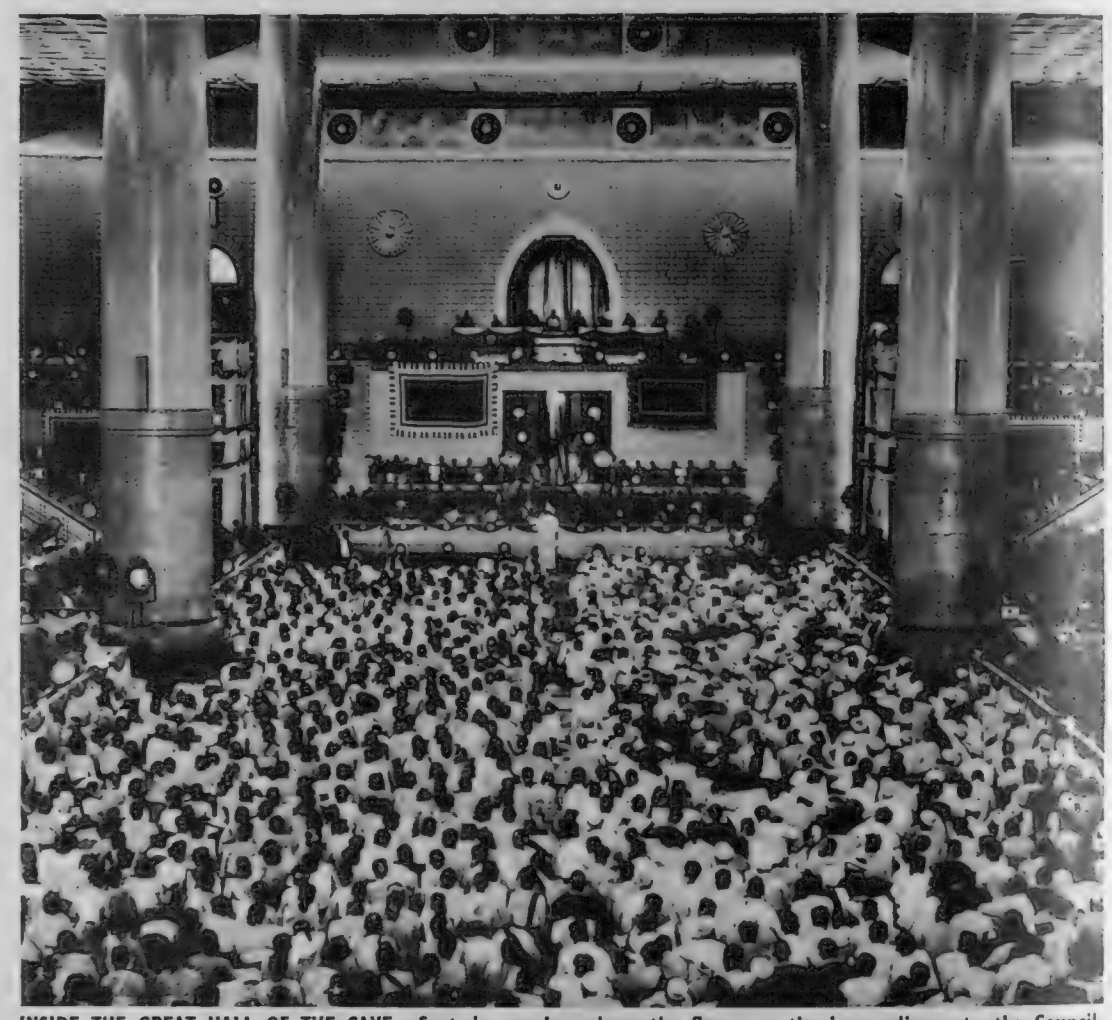
The sixth Great Buddhist Council to be held since the death of Buddha nearly 2,500 years ago opened to the accompanying sound of drums, gongs and conches in the huge artificial cave near Rangoon, specially built to resemble the cave at Rajagaha, in India, where the first Great Council was held after the death of Buddha. The present Great Council—a gathering of 2,500 scholarly monks from Burma, India, Pakistan, Nepal, Japan, Laos, Cambodia and other Asian countries—is known as a Sangayana, or a "chanting together," and it will last two years.

THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR READS A MESSAGE OF GOOD-WILL: Mr. Paul Henry Gore-Booth seen inside the cave.

Many important guests attended the opening ceremony, which lasted for three days, among them Mrs. Pandit, the President of the United Nations, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, British Commissioner-General in South-East Asia, and Mr. Dudley Senanayake, the former Prime Minister of Ceylon.

The Sangayana was first envisaged in October 1951, when U Win, the Minister for Home and Religious Affairs, moved a resolution in the Burmese Parliament, that, not being satisfied with the steps being taken to promote the moral well-being of mankind, Parliament would devise methods to provide this.

Following this resolution, the Government of the Union of Burma have given every help in furthering the cause of the Council.

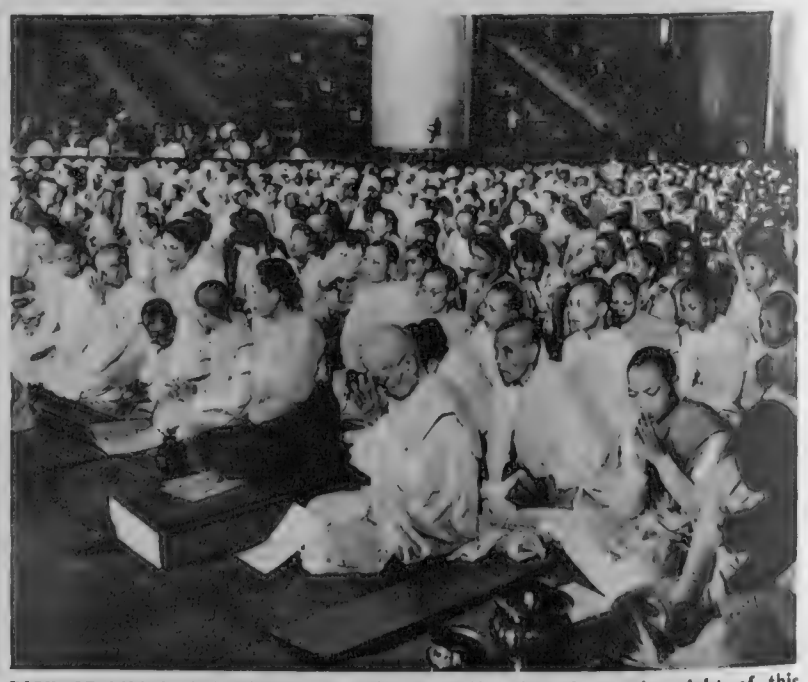


INSIDE THE GREAT HALL OF THE CAVE: Seated cross-legged on the floor are the lay audience to the Council, while around them on the tiered seats sit the monks who are to discuss, preserve and purify the Scriptures. Four of the six massive columns which support the roof of the cave can be seen.

Being only the sixth such meeting to be held over the last 2,500 years, the Sangayana is regarded as being of the utmost importance by the people of Asia. At the first Great Council, held soon after the death of Buddha, the principal followers of the seer assembled to recite, classify and arrange the teachings or "Pitakas," and different portions of these were entrusted to various disciples who learnt them off by heart, and the teachings were handed down from teacher to pupil for four centuries, until the fourth Great Council was held in about the year 20 B.C. Then, for the first time, the texts were committed to writing.

At the present Great Council these historic texts will be closely re-examined by the monks, who have been divided into about 100 groups, each group being responsible for a portion of the Scriptures. All the texts will then be collated with other editions from Ceylon, Siam, Cambodia and England, and printed in an authorised edition. After the Great Council the Scriptures will be translated from Pali, the sacred tongue, into Burmese, English and Hindi. This latter translation is intended to attract the people of India back to the Buddhist religion.

THE AGED LEADER OF THE COUNCIL: The Venerable Abhidaja Mararathaguru Bhaddanta Revata, who is eighty years old, seated on his golden throne.



PART OF THE LAY AUDIENCE TO THE COUNCIL: Seated on the right of this picture are some Burmese Buddhist nuns. About 5,000 people were in the cave, including a number of guests from other countries.

NEW SHIPS FOR THE RUN TO SOUTH AFRICA

A Quartet of Passenger-Cargo Liners which are Setting Entirely New Standards of Sea Travel

By JOHN MAY

THE "CITY OF DURBAN"—THE LATEST LUXURY PASSENGER-CARGO LINER WHICH IS NOW ON HER WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA: A view of the sports deck looking towards the pear-shaped funnel of the ship. The sports deck on the new liner, as on the other three Ellerman passenger-cargo ships which travel to and from South Africa, is very spacious, and provides excellent facilities for many games, including deck tennis. A hundred passengers are most comfortably accommodated on each ship.

WHEN, last Tuesday (June 1), the new passenger-cargo liner *City of Durban* steamed away down London River from the Royal Albert Docks, flying the orange, white and blue standard of South Africa, it was something more than just the beginning of a maiden voyage to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban and beyond.

The sunlit city of Durban, with indigo blue sky and tall, white-walled hotels, celebrates its centenary this year, and for that reason alone would provide an especial welcome for the ship bearing its name. But more important still is the fact that the *City of Durban* completes a quartet of ships of the Ellerman Lines, which represents a notable advance in standards of sea travel between Britain and South Africa.

The first of these four new sister-ships was the *City of Port Elizabeth*, which left London for South Africa on her maiden voyage in January last year. She and her sisters—the *City of Exeter*, *City of York* and the new *City of Durban*—each have cabins for 100 passengers on a scale that has already become embarrassingly popular. The cabins, many with entrance lobby, private bathroom and toilet, are like luxury flatlets, with no suggestion of "cabin" about them. The public rooms are as intimate and tasteful as those of a fine country house, and there is a spaciousness and a standard of personal service rarely found to-day in our crowded, bustling life ashore.

This latest evolution in a shipping group that has developed phenomenally in the fifty years is in sharp contrast to the pre-steam days of sea travel of last century. The Ellerman Lines were formed as a Group in 1901. But the Fleets which form the nucleus from which it developed had originated in the days of sail, when a sea passage was frequently something in the nature of an adventure and by no means the luxurious escape from landlocked cares that it is to-day.

The late Sir John Reeves Ellerman became connected with the Shipping Industry in 1900 when he acquired the Mediterranean Service of the Leyland Line, founded in 1821 by John Bibby. John Ellerman (as he then was) and his associates quickly acquired the Papayanni Line, the Westcott and Laurance Line, the Hall Line and the City Line.

Each of the businesses had romantic origins, the Papayanni Line having been started by two Greek brothers, a family that had sprung from Cornish privateers, and others. The City Line, of course, was the originator of the "City" nomenclature which now characterises all Ellerman Lines ships in the world-wide trades—except on the Mediterranean services. The first City ship was the *City of Glasgow*, a wooden three-master of 519 tons, built in 1848. This Line was founded by the brothers Robert and George Smith, merchants of Ayrshire and Belfast who, in 1839, sent their first ship to India and achieved a reputation second to none among Lines trading to the East. They did their work standing at high desks, maintaining that chairs in the office only tempted any caller to stay and chatter when his business was done. There had been trouble on their first vessel because of the master's drinking, so they would not allow liquor in their ships—a practice followed until the Line was purchased by the Ellerman Group.

A LIGHT AND AIRY ROOM IN WHICH TO RELAX: The verandah café, with its fine dance floor, is situated at the aft end of the promenade deck on the *City of Exeter*. There is unlimited natural light from the big windows. In the same large room there is also a bar.

This is, indeed, the stern stuff on which great enterprises are founded! The full history cannot be told in detail, but in 1908 the Bucknall Steamship Lines came within the orbit of the Ellerman Group, and the task of the integration of the various fleets into a composite one began. The funnel colours of the original companies were replaced by the Ellerman buff with white band and black top. But the old house flags were still flown, though surmounted now by the Ellerman pennant.

Then came the two wars which wrought such destruction to British shipping. But to-day ships flying the blue Ellerman pennant bearing the white initials "J.R.E." are to be encountered on all the oceans of the world. The Hall Line runs six services

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE POPULAR SHIP'S SHOP : The bow-fronted shop on the *City of York*. These shops, which stock numerous souvenirs as well as many articles for daily use, are immensely popular with passengers during the journey.

THE BAR IN THE VERANDAH CAFÉ : A smart rendezvous at the forward end of the café. The coat-of-arms of the city after which the ship is named, in this case of Exeter, is illuminated in a panel in the centre.

NEW SHIPS FOR THE RUN TO SOUTH AFRICA

(*Continued from previous page*)

from the United Kingdom, the City Line two, and the Ellerman and Bucknall Line four, with another dozen from Canada and the U.S.A. A world-wide network links every continent. As well, the Ellerman Line, the Westcott and Laurance Line, and the Papayanni Line run four Mediterranean services from the United Kingdom.

But it is a startling fact that of more than 100 ships in the Ellerman Group's fleet in 1939, the war destroyed over 60; including the Line's finest passenger ships. The rebuilding policy immediately afterwards was centred at first round vessels of about 11,000 tons, with room for twelve passengers. The "Twelves" were built with single and two-berth cabins of unusual size and comfort, some with private bathrooms and toilets. The passenger dining-room and lounge were of ample proportions, and the ships gained a great reputation among travellers for their comfort and friendly atmosphere, particularly on the run to South Africa. But they were essentially first-class general cargo-carriers, and their limited passenger capacity meant disappointing many who wished to travel by Ellerman and Bucknall Line on this run.

Something had to be done. Accordingly, the order was placed with Vickers-Armstrongs Limited for the 12,500-ton *City of Port Elizabeth* and her three sister-ships, to link South Africa and Britain. With the completion of the quartet now, and the sailing of the fourth sister, the *City of Durban*, the total of ships acquired by the Ellerman Lines to replace war losses is well past sixty. The fleet is almost back to its pre-war strength, but it is also doing more by setting a standard not envisaged in the '30s of this century.

Joyfully welcomed to the high seas by others of the fleet that she encounters on her maiden voyage, the *City of Durban* will take sixteen days to reach Cape Town. Three-quarters of the voyage will be in sunshine, and as the sun becomes more northerly, and by night the North Pole star and the Plough are lost to sight and the Southern Cross rises in the sky, passengers aboard will gain a full appreciation of the ship's comforts.

She is 541 ft. in length overall, and the hull comprises three complete decks, with a long bridge deck having promenade and boat decks superimposed. The 100 passengers, even when gathered together into one of the public rooms, will never feel crowded; and they will find that their own bedrooms are the essence of comfort. On "A" Deck are fourteen double and fourteen single rooms, all with private bathrooms, while on "B" Deck are nineteen double and four single rooms, fitted to the same standard as the "A" Deck rooms, but without private bathrooms; there is an ample number of bathrooms on "B" Deck.

With the exception of six single rooms arranged to look forward from the end of the deckhouse, all the "A" Deck rooms face the open shipside promenade. They have natural light from vertical sliding windows, while the rooms on "B" Deck are ranged along the ship's side, with large, oval sidelight windows. With their carpets toning with the scheme of decoration, the rooms have walls of pale cream or pale green, with pale-cream ceilings. The furniture in the forward six single rooms is in curl figured sycamore and zebrano trim; it includes a dressing-table with stool, bureau and chair, tallboy, settee, bedside cabinet, etc. Half the remaining rooms have furniture of French walnut, and the remainder of bird's-eye maple.

ELEGANCE AND COMFORT ARE THE KEYNOTE IN THE SMOKE-ROOM : A view of the smoke-room which extends the full width of the deckhouse on the *City of Exeter*. There are large comfortable settees and upholstered chairs, and a number of coffee and card tables, which are made in Jacobean style in rubbed oak.

A stairway from the foyer on "B" Deck leads down to the restaurant, a spacious and handsome room, which extends across the full width of the vessel and seats the entire complement of passengers at one service. The chairs are upholstered in hide in matching soft colours, and the furniture is constructed of white figured sycamore. Ellerman ships are noted for their good food; and the adjacent kitchens and pantries—complete with the ship's own bakery—provide for swift service by the efficient Indian servants, many of whom belong to families that have served in Ellerman Group ships for generations.

Opposite the stairway on "A" Deck is the ship's shop, neatly bow-fronted in veneered sycamore, with glass-panelled doors. Its display cabinets and showcases contain souvenirs and articles for daily use, including cigarettes, cigars, chocolates and cosmetics, all at duty-free prices. Behind the shop are the ladies' and gentlemen's hairdressing saloons. So popular is the shop that on the *City of Durban's* three sister-ships it is found that the average passenger spends something like £2 a day on the goods and services offered there.

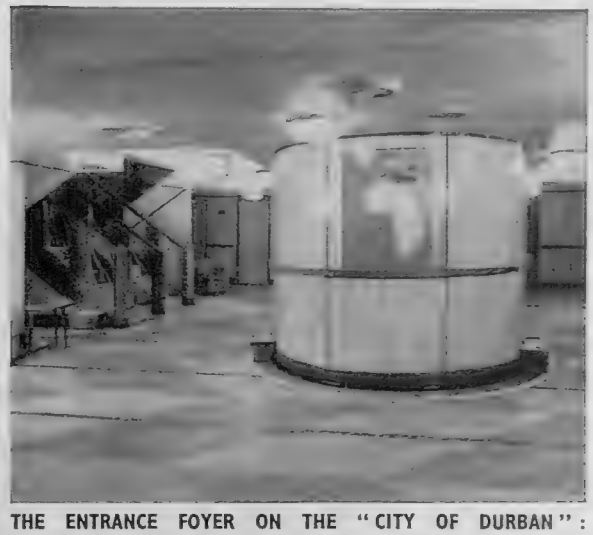
Then, at the after-end of "A" Deck is a children's playroom. The walls are decorated with colourful illustrations of nursery rhymes, and the floor is marked out for games. At one side of the room is a roundabout, and on the other a Wendy play-house with table, chairs and cupboard shelves. There is a room for preparing infants' foods near by, and for fine weather an open-air play-pen is arranged on "B" Deck.

On the promenade deck there is generous room for adult passengers to pursue their own recreations. The promenade itself, with wooden decking scrubbed spotless, is wide enough to permit deck games without interfering with passengers seated in deck chairs, and is entirely open except at the forward end. Here, for weather protection, a full-length screen is arranged with large sliding windows, with glass almost to deck-level, giving an unobscured view of the sea. Encircled by the promenade are the drawing-room, smoke-room, writing-room and verandah café.

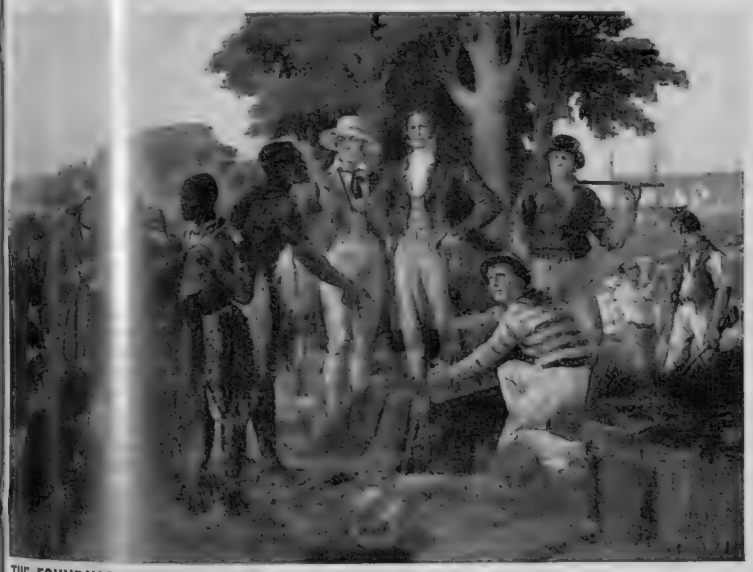
The drawing-room is at the forward end. With chairs and settees for lounging, coffee tables, bookcases, a piano and a record player, and a painting by Pierre de Clausade above the fireplace, it is a tasteful and restful place. Further aft, and also extending the full width of the deckhouse, is the smoke-room. Decorated in the style of the Georgian period, its walls are lined with carved pine panelling, and the parquetry floor

THE MOST RECENT ADDITION TO THE FLEET OF PASSENGER-CARGO LINERS : The *City of Durban*, which is a sister-ship of the *City of Port Elizabeth*, *City of Exeter* and *City of York*, all built by Vickers-Armstrongs.

A CORNER OF ONE OF THE BEDROOMS : A pleasantly furnished and comfortable room on the "B" Deck of the *City of Durban*. On this deck there are nineteen double and four single rooms, while "A" Deck has fourteen double and fourteen single bedrooms, each with separate bathrooms.



THE ENTRANCE FOYER ON THE "CITY OF DURBAN" : In the centre is a map on which passengers can watch the course of the ship as she passes certain points on the route.



THE FOUNDING OF THE FIRST TRADING STATION OF PORT NATAL : The painting by Ellis Silas which hangs above the main staircase on the *City of Durban*. The settlement of Natal in August 1824, of which the City of Durban is to-day the greatest monument, was due almost entirely to the adventurous spirit and daring of an English lieutenant in the Royal Marines. Francis George Farewell, who had turned merchant adventurer, was trading around the coasts from Cape Town when he was forced into Durban Bay by a heavy gale. He and his friends later returned, and gained the first trading concessions there from the savage Zulu King Chaka.

PART OF THE SPACIOUS RESTAURANT : This well-furnished room on the *City of Durban* is situated below "B" Deck. It extends the whole width of the vessel, and is large enough to allow the full complement of 100 passengers to be comfortably served at one sitting.

has Persian rugs. Inset into the panelling above the fireplace is a painting of the Temple as seen from the River Thames in about the year 1840.

The writing-room is a quiet and comfortable place on the port side, aft of the smoke-room. It contains some 300 books—"all the new ones that I meant to read in the last twelve months," remarked a passenger on embarking. The walls carry two landscapes in oils by T. S. Barber, and there is an illuminated terrestrial globe.

The way to the writing-room is through the smoke-room or from the verandah café at the after-end of the deckhouse. The café has a cocktail bar, unlimited natural light from the large windows, and a teak deck in the middle of the room for dancing. Stairways near by lead to the sports deck above, and folding screen doors convert the café into a true verandah overlooking the swimming-pool on the deck below. The blue-tiled sides and bottom of the pool, with its underwater lighting, make it an attractive sight. "One of the joys of life in the hot climates," said a lady passenger on one of the *City of Durban's* sister-ships, "is to have a swim last thing at night before going to bed."

As an addition to the amusements arranged by the sports committee (always formed by the passengers) and the purser, the *City of Durban* carries a complete cinema projection unit, together with light stacking-type chairs which are arranged in one of the public rooms or on the sports deck, according to weather, when a film is to be shown.

In one of the same public rooms on Sunday mornings, the master of the ship, Captain John Armstrong White (who was torpedoed in the *City of Bagdad* in the Indian Ocean during the war, and made a prisoner in Italian East Africa) will conduct the usual shipboard morning service.

As the days of the *City of Durban's* maiden voyage pass, marked by such events as these, passengers will be following their progress as indicated by a point of light on the illuminated route chart on the starboard side of the purser's reception bureau in the main entrance on "B" Deck. The ship will make Cape Town in a fortnight's time, on June 18, call at Port Elizabeth and then East London, and come next to Durban itself.

Aboard for the maiden voyage is Mr. Leslie Steeds Lloyd, managing director of the Ellerman and Bucknall Steamship Company and a director of the Ellerman Lines. He will certainly be in evidence when Durban welcomes the new *City of Durban*. There is a carved teak plaque of the Durban coat-of-arms, presented by the mayor and citizens, to be unveiled on board. In addition, by a happy coincidence, the city has also its own centenary to celebrate, for it was in 1854 that the port of D'Urban (as it was then called) was first proclaimed a borough.

The name was that of a governor of the Cape of Good Hope. But the original settlement of Natal had been brought about by the tenacity of a lieutenant in the British Royal Marines, Francis George Farewell, who in 1824 pioneered a trading agreement with the Zulu despot of those times, a bad man named Chaka, and founded the first trading station of Port Natal.

This occasion is celebrated by a large painting by Ellis Silas in the *City of Durban's* entrance hall. Francis Farewell's ship was a brig that was blown out to sea, leaving him marooned on the Zululand coast. But his enterprise could not be more fittingly remembered than in the fourth of the Ellerman Lines quartet of passenger-cargo liners, the *City of Durban*, which, with her sister "Hundreds," is also pioneering a new idea in the trade of the seaways to South Africa.

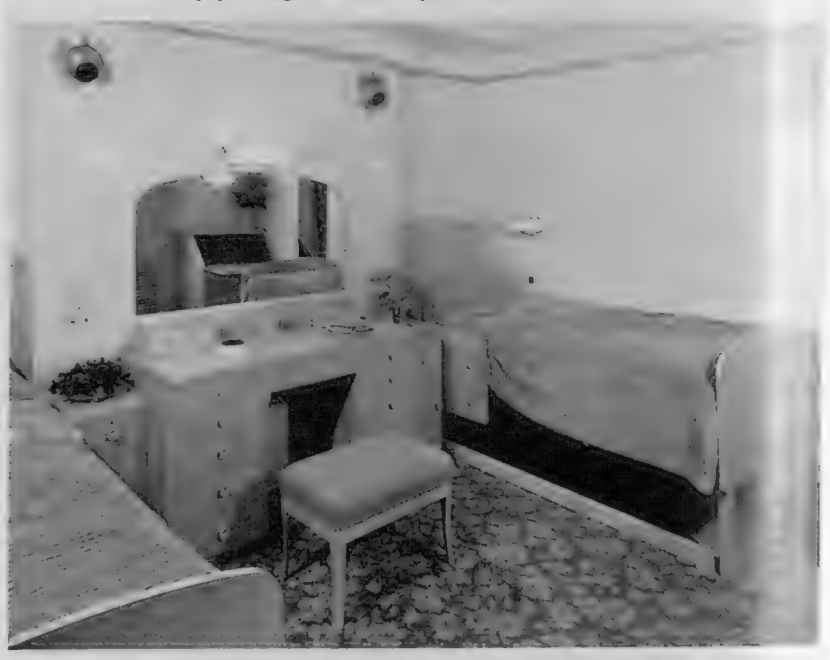
NEW SHIPS FOR THE RUN TO SOUTH AFRICA

(Continued)

THE SWIMMING-POOL AND SUN DECK : This part of "A" Deck on the *City of Exeter* promises many pleasant hours in the sun and refreshing plunges in the water. The sides of the swimming-pool are in pale-blue tiles relieved by a band of cream tiles, while tiles of a deeper shade of blue line the bottom of the pool. There is also underwater lighting. Bathing at night is especially popular.

THE SMOKE-ROOM ON BOARD THE "CITY OF DURBAN" : This room is furnished in the Georgian period, and the walls are of carved pine panelling. The main furniture is in walnut. Above the fireplace is a 19th-century painting of the Temple and the Thames Embankment.

THE CHILDREN ARE NOT NEGLECTED : The children's playroom on the *City of Exeter*, showing the miniature curved slide. On the walls are pictures of animals and nursery rhymes. Deck games are incorporated in the floor-coverings. For fine weather open-air play-pens are arranged on "B" Deck.



A DOUBLE-BEDROOM : The furniture in these rooms—they hardly look like cabins—is of modern design, and includes a dressing-table with a stool to match, a bureau and chair, settees, bedside cabinets, etc. All the rooms on "A" Deck face on to an open promenade.

THE INTIMATE ATMOSPHERE OF THE DRAWING-ROOM : This most attractive room has comfortable furnishings, which include lounge chairs, fully-upholstered settees, bookcases and a writing-table. It is a restful room, with no hint of the impersonal atmosphere usually found in large public rooms aboard ship.

THE WRITING-ROOM : The quiet, comfortable room on the promenade deck of the *City of Port Elizabeth*. It conveniently separates the verandah café and the smoke-room. The writing-room also contains a good library of over 300 books, most of them recently published.

MAY WEEK IS A FORTNIGHT IN JUNE

Pictures Taken Last Year Towards the End of Easter Term at Cambridge, when the University Entered the Enchanting Season that Few would Miss

THE MAY WEEK "BUMPS" AT CAMBRIDGE : Racing lasts four days and involves some ninety crews. The eights are graded into divisions and row each day over the course, trying to bump the boat ahead.

AFTER THE BALL : Officially the May Week ball has ended, but unofficially the dance carries on in the streets until after dawn. Here a party steps out on an early-morning Palais Glide.

MADRIGAL NIGHT : Under King's College bridge, a choir, also in punts, sings early English madrigals. Madrigal Night is always held on a Wednesday night, and as dusk falls the scene is lit by Chinese lanterns. The lawns of King's, which sweep down to the river, are packed very early.

May Week in Cambridge is not a week and it is not in May. It begins with four days of bumping races, on the narrow and sluggish Cam, and ends with a succession of fabulous balls. For several thousand light-hearted undergraduates and their lady friends it is the time of their lives.

Examinations are over; all that remains is to watch the Senate House notice-boards and tailors' shops each day for the list of results. Meanwhile, there are the races, over 1¼ miles of picturesque river, which involve nearly 100 crews, graded in divisions. Boats set off after one another, trying to catch and "bump" the boat in front. On the bank there are fathers in blazers, caps and flannels, dreaming of the past; mothers busily setting out the picnics; sisters trying out their summer creations on a critical public. On the last night—Bump Suppers for successful crews and characteristic uproar from men who can suddenly relax after months of serious training.

Wednesday night is Madrigal night, on the river, by the willow trees, behind King's. Champagne supper in a punt is the order of the day until dusk falls and the Madrigalists sing beautifully in the light of Chinese lanterns. As the last song floats over the hushed throng, the punts are cut away and drift quietly out of sight.

Plays, midnight matinees, punt trips up the Granta past the lazy meadows to Granchester, or picnics on the river bank, all weave their spell as excitement mounts with the approach of The Night. And then it comes: an intimate supper party by candlelight in a college room, then across the courtyard to the brightly-lit hall or marquee, where a famous orchestra is already playing. There are elaborate floral decoration, a floor like quicksilver, swirling gowns and immaculate evening dress; then follows a champagne supper, nine hours of dancing, strolling through fairy-lit gardens, refreshment at the buffet, conversation, compliments, laughter, dancing, dancing.

After 3 a.m. a quick look in at other college balls. At six, the photograph on the lawn, with crumpled dresses and drooping bow-ties. For some, the wrench of early parting and the cruel routine of a day's work, for others, a punt trip to breakfast at Granchester, through the mist, with icy water trickling down starched cuffs, and a happy partner fast asleep at the feet. Then sleep—deep, blissful, relaxing. Hurried packing and quick farewells. Cambridge is beautiful, few want to leave. May Week is over, it cost a year's savings, but it was worth every penny of it.

On left—
IDYLL : A couple stroll across Coe Fen, probably to the boathouse on Robinson Crusoe Island for a punt.

On right—
AT A MAY WEEK BALL : The round of dances goes on all night — nine hours of gaiety which last until well after dawn.

DAWN ON KING'S PARADE : A souvenir snapshot is taken to remember a gay evening. The white building in the background is the University Senate House.

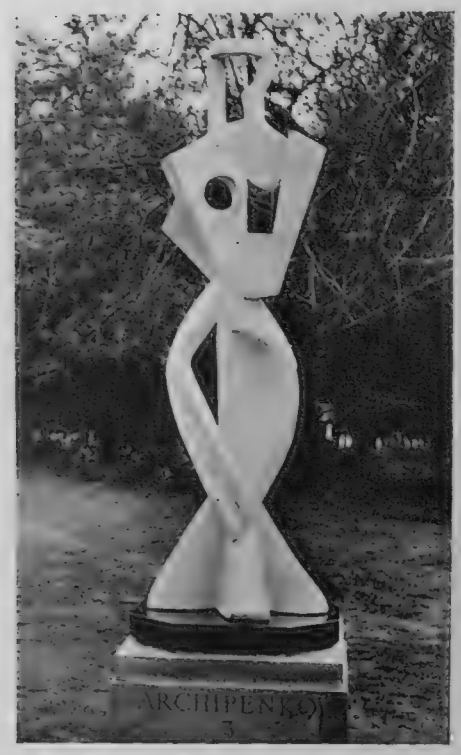
THE DANCE BEGINS : A party arrives at the Trinity Great Gate. May Week is Cambridge's social occasion of the year; undergraduates' sisters arrive in droves.

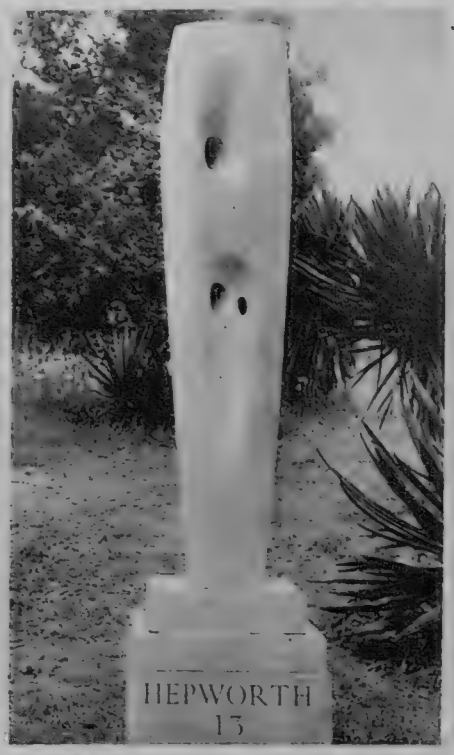
HONORARY DEGREE DAY : The "bulldogs," the servants of the University's disciplinary officers, the Proctors, wait outside the Senate House with their traditional tokens of office—two books of statutes, pikes, a linstock for firing cannon, and a butter measure.

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE RELAX IN THE SUN : Soon they will take part in the ceremonial procession, wearing their colourful degree robes, scarlet predominating.

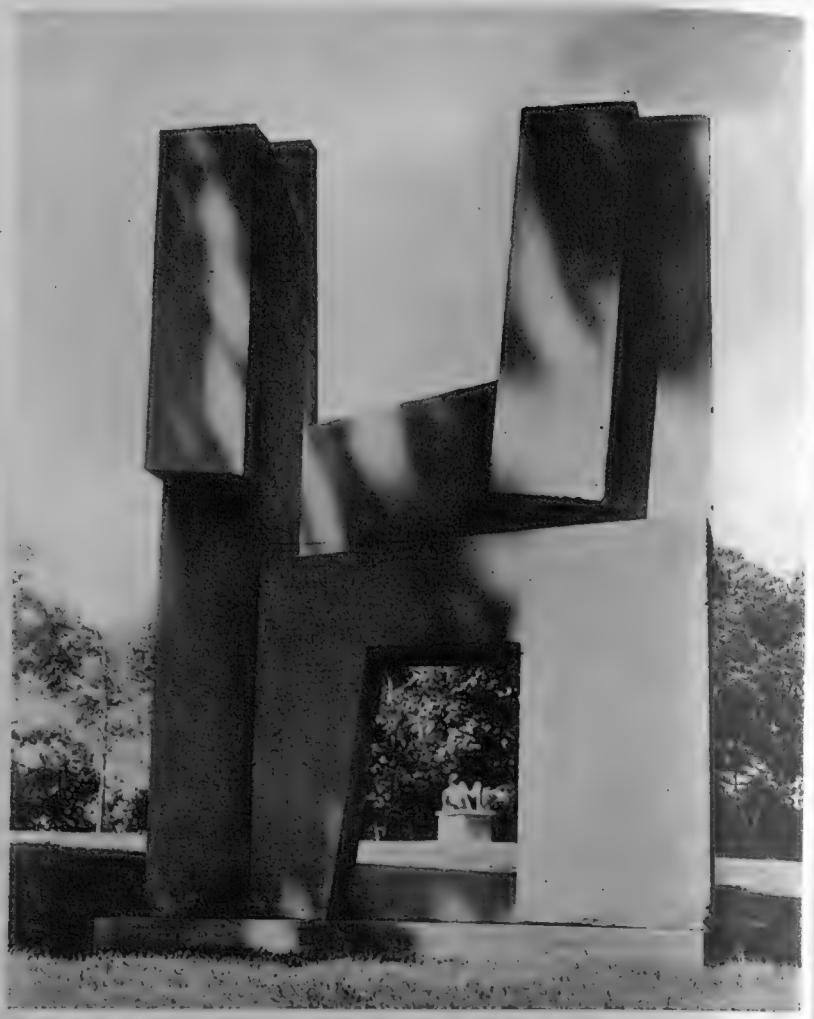
LONDON'S OPEN-AIR EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE

Some of the Pieces on View at Holland Park, where Last Week's Ceremonial Opening was Performed by Lord Luke





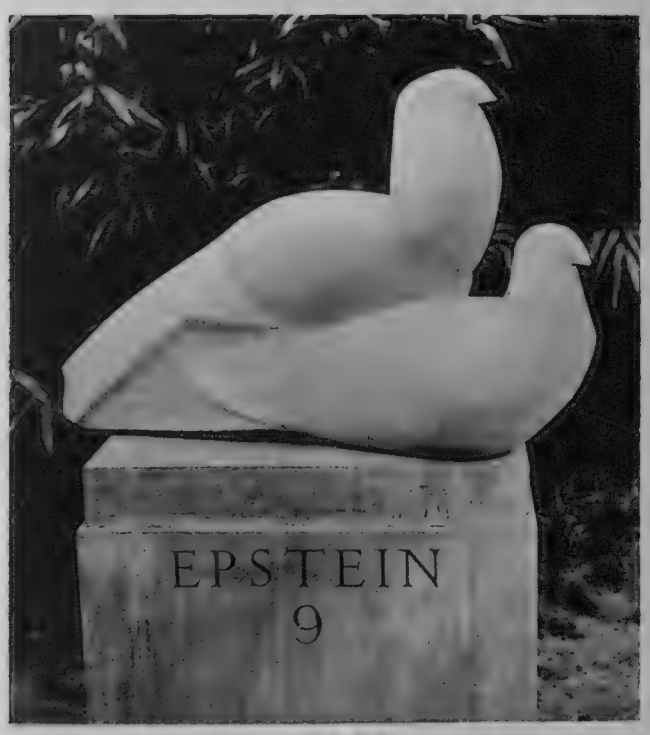
TWO SHAPES AT THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL OPEN-AIR EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE AT HOLLAND PARK, KENSINGTON: *On left* is Alexander Archipenko's "Standing Woman" (Hydrostone, 1920), and, *on right*, Barbara Hepworth's "Image" (Hoptonwood stone, 1952). The exhibition has been arranged by the London County Council.

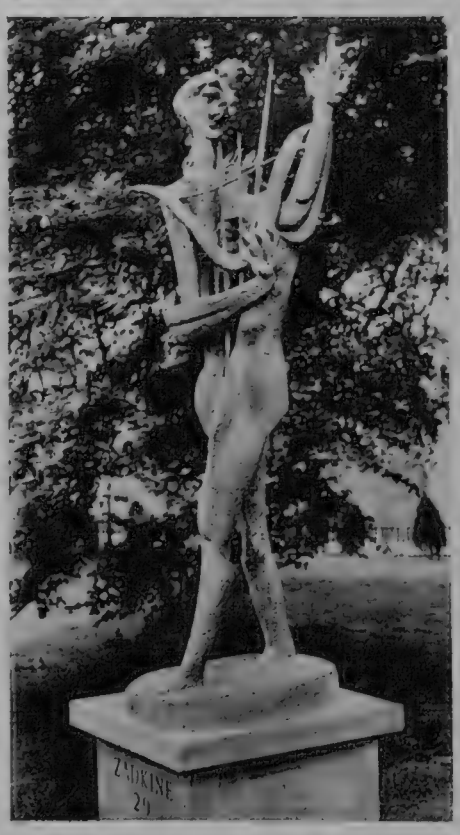


A NEW CONCRETE PIECE: "Monolithic Form," by Robert Adams, who says that outdoor sculpture must be large, or at least over a certain handling size, in order to become part of the environment. In the background (and also *below, on left*) is a replica of Henry Moore's "Draped Reclining Figure."

"FAMILY GOING FOR A WALK": This is Kenneth Armitage's bronze piece (1951) of a group of figures engaged in a simple everyday activity, combined without needless detail into a single whole with a character and movement of its own.

The first International Exhibition of Sculpture in the open air was held in 1948 in Battersea Park, and the second, in the same setting, in the Festival Year of 1951. This year the L.C.C. have chosen Holland Park, London's new open space which was formally opened last week by Lord Luke, chairman of the National Playing Fields Association. There are twenty-nine pieces on show and apart from two carvings "from older civilisations" (Greece and India), the majority are by contemporary sculptors including Sir Jacob Epstein, one of the most-discussed figures in contemporary sculpture, and Henry Moore. In describing his exhibit, which is a replica of the bronze figure for "The Time and Life" Building in New Bond Street, Moore says: "I have tried in this figure to use drapery from what I think is a sculptural point of view," while another sculptor, Elisabeth Frink, describes her work, "Seated Man," "as an attempt to convey man's solitude and also his human capacity for thought and reflection." Most of the sculpture this year is in bronze.





"THE PIGEONS," "ORPHEUS" AND "HOLY WARRIOR": These three pieces are, *from left*, the work of Sir Jacob Epstein (Pentelic marble, 1915); Ossip Zadkine (Bronze, 1948), and Ernst Barlach (Bronze, 1928). "The Pigeons" group was carved in the early war period, together with a large figure with a cock and hen which Sir Jacob called "Venus." "Holy Warrior" formerly stood in front of the University church in Kiel. Zadkine is one of the masters of the cubist movement.

GUILDHALL'S NEW ARCHED ROOF

Work Goes Ahead on the Reroofing of the City of London's Historic Guildhall, which was Badly Damaged During the War

HIGH UP IN THE ROOF OF LONDON'S GUILDHALL: Plumbers at work fitting a new lead guttering to the Guildhall roof, which is now being replaced following wartime damage.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who is in charge of the restoration work at London's Guildhall, believes that his new arched roof will be more like what the original architects had in mind than the hammerbeam roof which was put on in Victorian times. Nothing is known of the first building on the site of Guildhall, but Fabyan, in his *Chronicles*, refers to the erection in 1411 of Ye Guyld Halle of London—"a fayre and goodly house" being made of "an oylde and lytele cotage." Its original oak roof was badly damaged in the Great Fire, and a flat one, attributed to Wren, took its place. This in turn was replaced in 1864 by a hammerbeam roof. This type of roof, however, was not built over columns, which convinces Sir Giles that the fifteenth-century architects wanted an arched roof such as he is now giving the Guildhall. The new roof is no higher than the old, but the arches, made of Dorset Portland stone, make it seem loftier. The stone-covered steel trusses bearing the roof have been designed as an upward continuation of the fluted columns inside the hall.

PREPARING A NEW EXIT: A mason is making an opening in the north-east turret to provide a new access to the roof.

THE STONEMASONS PLAY THEIR PART IN THE RESTORATION WORK AT LONDON'S GUILDHALL: They are seen fixing stone mullions to the new clerestory windows. Guildhall, which has been closed for the past six months, is expected to be ready for use in time for the next Lord Mayor's Banquet, in November.

A CARPENTER AT WORK: He is finishing off one of the many carved brackets which have been erected to support the ceiling rafters and joists.

STONEWORK IN TWO PLACES NEARS COMPLETION: A stonemason seen at work on another clerestory window and, *on left*, another workman finishing off the stonework in the apex of the main arch. The new roof, which is being built beneath the temporary steel structure erected after the bombing in 1940, will give more light and an appearance of greater height. It has been designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who is also responsible for a great deal of post-war restoration work in other parts of the country. The Court of Common Council is spending £212,250 on the Guildhall work. Had it not been occupied by the workmen, Guildhall, the traditional setting for such an historic occasion, would have been the scene for the welcome home luncheon to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh after their Commonwealth tour.

THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW

For the Annual Show of the Royal Horticultural Society the Weather Relented and the Sun Shone

The Royal Horticultural Society last week held its annual Flower Show in the grounds of the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. At the last moment the weather relented and brilliant sunshine greeted the Fellows of the Society as they crowded in on private view day to see this beautiful exhibition.

The great marquees were filled with some staggering banks of flowers—roses, delphiniums, hydrangeas, begonias—which, with a selection of rare and lovely flowering trees and shrubs, make the show, if anything, more colourful and exciting than ever before.

Among the most striking of the exhibits is a small collection of Malayan orchids flown from Singapore by Mrs. M. Lewis (two of which won first-class certificates) and the collection of plants from the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley, Surrey. This latter is a display of the garden plants introduced to Britain by the Society during the last 150 years, and is dominated by a group of hybrid azaleas. But at Chelsea, of course, none but the best species and varieties are shown, and all in the finest condition.

The outdoor gardens, each by a leading landscape architect, were highly successful exhibits—one of the boldest being a garden of Forest of Dean sandstone, one of whose massive rocks weighed 2½ tons.

The first visitors to the show were members of the Royal Family: the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. The Queen Mother particularly admired a new American rose, called "Queen Elizabeth," and the carnation "Monty's Pink," which won a first-class certificate. She was presented with blooms of both of them.

CROWDS ADMIRE THE ROCK-GARDENS AT THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW, IN THE GROUNDS OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL: These gardens were laid out along the southern embankment end of the Royal Hospital grounds, transformed for the occasion. It is hard to believe that it is all done in a few days.

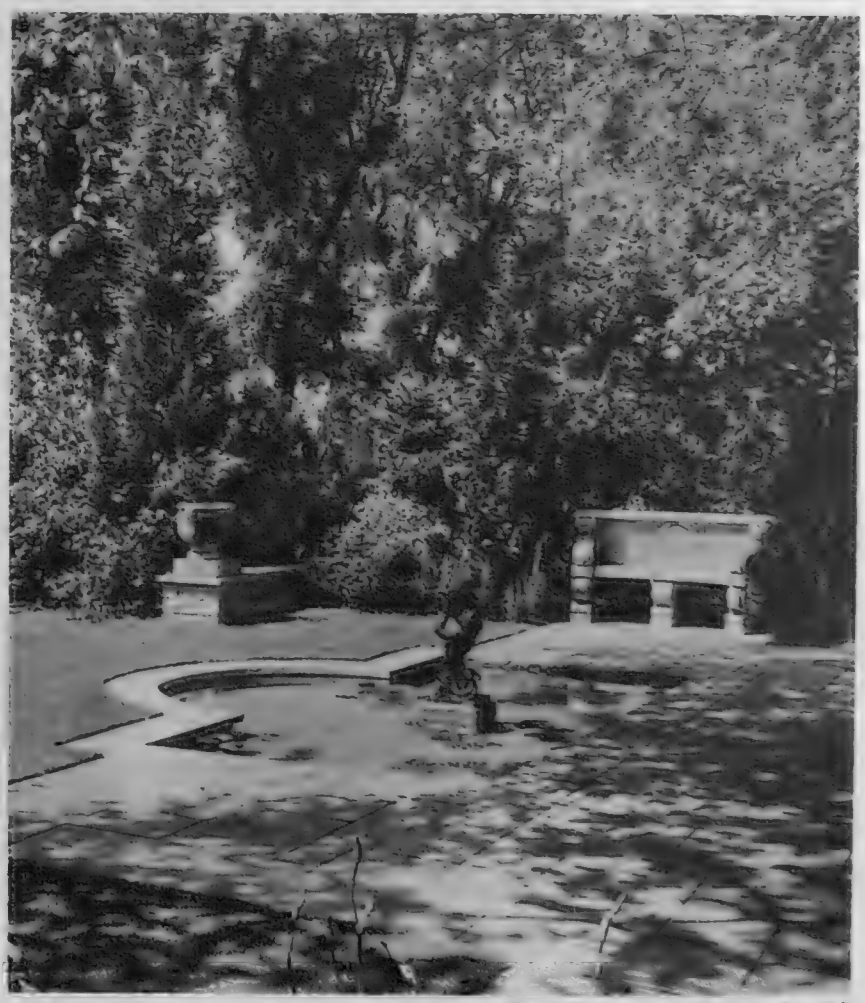
ROCK-GARDEN PLANTS IN A SETTING OF POOL, BRIDGE AND CASCADES: This delightfully naturalistic effect was the work of Gavin Jones, Limited, among the prominent exhibitors at Chelsea. They won a gold medal for this garden.

A FORMAL GARDEN: This gracious setting of three fountains, surrounded by a fine display of iris, lilies, rhododendrons and azaleas, won a gold medal for the exhibitors, R. Wallace and Company, of Tunbridge Wells.

PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES: An exhibitor deftly arranges a display of hippeastrum. In the background is a mountainous display of schizanthus. *On left*—A flagged lawn with herbaceous border.

A POOL AND ARBOUR : This exhibit, with a white marble statue, was entered by R. Hancock and Sons. The trellised arbour is pleasantly modern in its design. Behind can be seen the wall dividing the Royal Hospital from the Ranelagh Gardens.

ANOTHER PRIZE-WINNING ROCK-GARDEN : This traditional Chelsea rock-garden of weathered Westmorland limestone is the work of George G. Whitelegg, of Knockholt, a regular exhibitor at the Chelsea Flower Show. It, too, was rightly awarded a gold medal.



A QUIET RETREAT : Another gold medal went to Percy S. Cane, of Chelsea, for this delightful formal garden of pool and fountain surrounded by lawns and paving. Most of the exhibitors made an equally ingenious use of the existing trees.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events in England, Ireland and Scotland

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER PRESENTS NEW COLOURS TO THE INNS OF COURT REGIMENT: The Queen Mother is seen leaving the Inner Temple Gardens, where the ceremony took place, accompanied by Colonel J. A. G. Scott. The ceremony was a colourful affair, with the armed escort to the Colours wearing the blue No. 1 dress of a Yeomanry regiment. The band of the Life Guards was also present. The new Colours, which once belonged to the Law Association Volunteers, formed in 1803, were laid on a pile of drums and consecrated by the Rev. R. W. Fitzpatrick, Assistant Chaplain-General to the Forces. Then the Queen Mother presented the Colours to two lieutenants, who marched them in slow time into the centre of the regiment in line.

THE QUEEN MOTHER SHARES A JOKE WITH COLONEL SCOTT: Colonel Scott was deputising for Brigadier the Marquess of Reading, the Hon. Colonel, who was unable to attend the ceremony.

PORTER'S PARK GOLF CLUB RECOVERS FROM A SERIOUS FIRE: The picture *above* shows the club-house at Radlett, Hertfordshire, as furniture was being hurriedly dragged out into the open to save it from the fire raging inside. *Below*—The club-house as it appeared a few days after the fire—very nearly back to normal. The fire started in a ground staff hut behind the club-house and quickly spread along the rear of the main building, destroying the men's locker and changing room and damaging the dining-room and bar. It was estimated that golf clubs and other equipment lost by members valued some £10,000. The lounge and the kitchens were saved. By the erection of temporary huts the club has managed to overcome the many difficulties caused by the fire. A temporary roof has been put over the bar, and amenities are now normal again. In fact, on the day after the fire, seventy members of a visiting society were successfully entertained.

A BUST OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER IS PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY AT SANDHURST: Looking at the bust after the unveiling are, from left to right—Mr. A. Head, the Secretary of State for War; Mr. George Sands, of New York, who donated the bust; Sir John Harding, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, the American Ambassador to this country; and Mrs. Aldrich. The bust, which is 28 ins. high, shows the President in his military uniform, and was cast in bronze by the sculptor, Mr. Jo Davidson. It was bought by Mr. Sands and given to the Royal Military Academy.

THE INTERNATIONAL ANGLING COMPETITION AT LOCH LEVEN, IN SCOTLAND: A view of the boats leaving the pier at the start of the competition. There were teams of twelve entered from England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland, the last-named having an easy win with a catch of 140 trout weighing 137 lb. 8 ozs. England came second with 95 lb. 6 ozs., and Wales was third. The competition was held in cold weather, with rain falling for most of the day, but some excellent fishing was enjoyed.

THE OPENING OF EIGHTS' WEEK AT OXFORD: A general view of the race for Division VII in progress at Oxford. The first day's racing in Eights' Week, which this year has been reduced to four days, was watched by a large crowd in fine weather. During this day there were twenty-five bumps.

ANOTHER INCIDENT DURING THE FIRST DAY'S RACING IN EIGHTS' WEEK AT OXFORD: Lincoln IV have just bumped Keble IV and they have both pulled into the bank to allow Exeter IV to bump Wadham III. Magdalene held their own at the head of the river on the first day and retained this position throughout the second day.

A FAREWELL DINNER TO DR. BILLY GRAHAM, THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST: Billy Graham is seen greeting Lady Jane Vane-Tempest-Stewart, who is wearing the dress which she wore as a Maid of Honour at the Coronation. Between them stands Mrs. Graham. The dinner was given by Lord and Lady Luke at the Dorchester Hotel, and among those present was the Bishop of Barking, who has played a prominent part in the Greater London campaign run by Dr. Graham; Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Works; and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. On the day after, Dr. Graham went to 10, Downing Street, where he met Sir Winston Churchill.

FOUR V.C.s AT ONE PARADE: Brigadier J. G. Smyth, V.C., is seen taking the salute at a parade of the British Legion in Belfast. Behind him on the dais, in the front row, stand three other V.C.s. They are, from left to right, Brigadier J. A. Sinton, V.C., Ex-Leading Seaman J. J. Magennis, V.C., and Lieut.-Colonel E. M. Ervine-Andrews, V.C. The occasion of the parade was the presentation of a new Standard to the British Legion in the Northern Ireland area.

THE EX-LIFEBOAT WHICH IS TO ATTEMPT A DOUBLE CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC OCEAN: The ship, the *Aries II*, is seen at Kingston-on-Thames, in Surrey, shortly before she left on her adventurous voyage. She is powered by two Diesel engines, was once the Padstow lifeboat, and in this role she has been launched sixty-three times for life-saving purposes. The two-way crossing of the Atlantic is being made with a crew of four: Lieut.-Commander Cecil Harcourt-Smith, Mr. David Foden, Mr. H. Skelton and Mr. T. Hight, and the first part of the voyage should take three weeks. The double crossing will be the first made in such a small vessel.

THE ORCHARD IS SOLD: Lopahin (Trevor Howard), seated on right, breaks the news in a scene from the revival of Chekov's *The Cherry Orchard*, at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Immediately around him are (left to right) Madame Ranevsky (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies), Varya (Pauline Jameson), and Semyonov-Pistchik (George Howe). This distinguished revival won cheers from its first-night audience. The production abounded in subtle and revealing touches which brought many laughs for this tender and moving comedy of Chekov's. *On left*—David Markham as Trofimov, the perpetual student, gets some home truths from Varya and Madame Ranevsky.

"THE CHERRY ORCHARD"

Sir John Gielgud has Directed a Notable Revival of Chekov's Masterpiece at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith

A CONSIDERED OPINION: Robert Eddison, on left, as the blundering, lovesick clerk Epihodov, holds forth to Anya (Shirley Roberts), Dunyasha (Charlotte Mitchell) and Yasha (John Bennett).

THE UNPLEASANT TRUTH: Lopahin tells Madame Ranevsky and her brother Gaev (Esmé Percy, on left) that the solution to their troubles is to lease their cherry orchard as building plots.

Chekov's comedy *The Cherry Orchard*, now revived at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, is perhaps his best play; it is a comedy—a very Russian one—full of pathos (an essential ingredient of all great comedy) and delicate overtones of wistful longing. The plot revolves round the house, with its famous cherry orchard, of a feckless and impoverished family of Russian aristocrats. The mistress of the house, Madame Ranevsky, returns from Paris, to find the estate loaded with debts. Her family and neighbours are gathered there to greet her.

But the man who dominates them all is Lopahin, the self-made man whose ancestors were all serfs on Madame Ranevsky's estate. He tells them that a sale is being forced to pay the debts of the estate; their famous cherry orchard, now in bloom, has to go under the auctioneer's hammer. When it does, it is Lopahin, proud of his self-made wealth yet oddly in sympathy with this improvident family, who buys the orchard, so that he can build an estate of summer houses. When the family eventually leave for Paris, their finances restored, it is to the sound of axes falling against their cherry trees.

Despite the sadness and frustration of the theme, the play abounds with humour; Chekov shows up the absurdities of this feckless family and does so without any vestige of cruelty. The current revival, brilliantly produced by Sir John Gielgud, is acted on a very high level. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and Trevor Howard handle the leading parts of Madame Ranevsky and Lopahin with distinction, but what makes this revival really notable is the faultless playing of all the smaller parts.

REPAIRING THE ALBERT MEMORIAL

Bomb-Damage Repairs are Being Made to a Notorious Example of Late Victorian Architecture

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL IS MADE READY FOR WAR-DAMAGE REPAIRS: The memorial in Kensington Gardens is seen enveloped in scaffolding as work started last week. The Ministry of Works has announced that the work will be to preserve the actual fabric of the monument and to ensure that every one of the many figures and adornments is firmly attached to the main piece and is in no danger of falling. As well as this, the slight damage caused by a bomb during the war will be made good; this will include replacing the orb and cross at the top of the monument. It is expected that the task will take about a year to complete, and that it will cost about £7,000. When it was built, in the seventies, the memorial cost £120,000. The last work on the monument was in 1951, when it was cleaned in honour of the Festival of Britain

On left—

PART OF ONE OF THE ORNATE PILLARS ON THE ALBERT MEMORIAL: A close look at this picture will show that in many places the fabric of the monument is crumbling because of weather erosion.

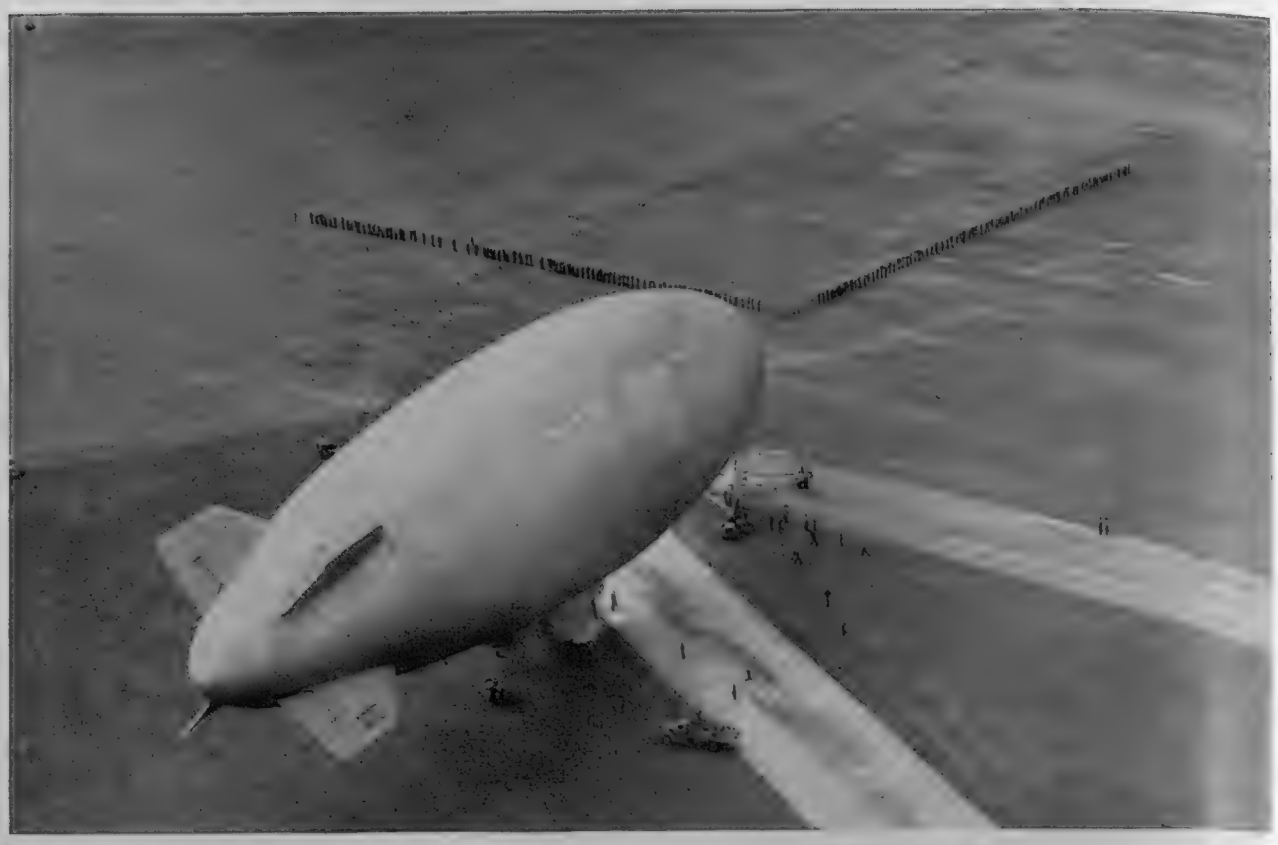
A WORKMAN TIGHTENING THE BOLTS ON THE SCAFFOLDING: The memorial was erected from designs by Sir George Gilbert Scott in 1872, and was officially unveiled in March 1876.

THE COMPANION-PIECE TO THE ALBERT MEMORIAL: This view of the Royal Albert Hall was taken from the scaffolding around the Albert Memorial, which stands on the site of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

THE DETAIL OF THE UPPER PART OF THE MEMORIAL: Although it is not praised by most authorities on architecture, the monument, with its detailed figure work, is worthy of close inspection. Around the base are many excellent high reliefs of eminent men.

FROM FOUR CONTINENTS

An Endurance Record by a Lighter-than-air Craft and Other Items of Foreign News



On right—

UP IN THE AIR FOR OVER A WEEK—A RECORD-BREAKING AMERICAN BLIMP IS WELCOMED BACK TO ITS BASE: The personnel of the U.S. Naval Station at Lakehurst, in New Jersey, are seen lined up in a "V" formation as they welcome home the naval blimp ZPG2, which by staying aloft for over eight days without refuelling broke the previous world endurance record set up in 1947 by another U.S. naval blimp. The airship was captained by Commander Marion H. Eppes, and carried a crew of fourteen, plus one civilian observer, and the record-breaking flight was made during a submarine patrol off the Atlantic coast. The blimp ZPG2 is one of the latest models made by the Goodyear Aircraft Corporation for the United States Navy, and made its first flight in 1951. It is powered by two Wright R-1300-2 radial engines and has a helium capacity of 875,000 cub. ft.

ASTRONOMY FROM THE AIR: M. Audouin Dollfuss is seen adjusting the telescope fitted to the balloon in which he and his father, M. Charles Dollfuss, a balloon expert, reached a height of over 21,000 ft. As well as being a balloonist, M. Dollfus is an astronomer, and the purpose of his vertical trip was to make astronomical observations of the planet Mars. The flight was made from Meudon, which is about 10 miles from Paris.

On left—

A NEW UNDERGROUND DISCOVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA: **Part of the vast cave recently found near Krugersdorp. This picture shows a climber ascending a 70-ft. stalagmite in the cave. Although the area of these new caves is not as great as the famous Cango Caves in Cape Province, the stalactitic formations in the main cavern are much more impressive. The entry into the cave is difficult and can only be made by expert climbers, and it is thought that this might be the reason why the area had not been previously discovered.** The main cavity, which contains most spectacular stalagmites and stalactites, is approximately 350 ft. long, 100 ft. wide and 75 ft. high. The stalactitic formations are still growing, and through the many thousands of years they have become twisted into astonishingly weird shapes. One of the caves adjoining the main one is thought to contain fossils which may be over a million years old.

A MODERN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—MLLE GENEVIEVE DE GALARD, THE FRENCH NURSE WHO WAS STRANDED IN THE FORTRESS OF DIEN BIEN PHU: **Mlle de Galard is seen, wearing army denims and a parachute jacket, on her arrival in Luang Prabang, after she had been freed by the Viet Minh forces, who captured her at Dien Bien Phu. With her is Professor Huard, Dean of the Medical Faculty of Hanoi University, who conducted negotiations with the Viet Minh for the release of the wounded prisoners taken at the fortress.** At a Press conference held at Hanoi, soon after her release, Mlle de Galard said that the enemy forces had treated her correctly, and she confirmed the rumour that she had sent birthday greetings to Ho Chi-Minh, leader of the rebel forces, on his birthday last month. She refused to give her reasons for this, as she said that they might be misunderstood. By remaining in the beleaguered fortress of Dien Bien Phu, and being the only woman nurse among 14,000 men, Nurse Galard has won the admiration of the world.

WEEK-END SPORT

AND THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF THE "CUTTY SARK"

OPENING DAY OF THE NEW MOTOR-RACING CIRCUIT AT AINTREE : Circling the rain-drenched track last Saturday, sports cars pass the grandstand in the opening event. The new track proved first-class, with excellent viewpoints for spectators. On the right of the picture are jumps used in the Grand National. The track follows the course of the Grand National along much of its length, and use is made of the stands.

LORD HOWE BREAKS THE TAPE TO OPEN THE NEW TRACK AT AINTREE : The chairman of the R.A.C. competitions committee drives his Aston-Martin through the tape to inaugurate the new track. The day started with bad weather, but the sun at last broke through for the end of the big race, won by Stirling Moss with his Maserati. The day was an important one for British motor racing and provided excellent sport. The first event, the Sports Car Race, was won by J. D. Hamilton in a Jaguar at 73.97 m.p.h.; the 500-c.c. race went to Stirling Moss in a Cooper at 70.92 m.p.h.; and Moss was again successful in the 34-lap Aintree event, averaging 77.70 m.p.h. In this he was nearly a minute ahead of R. Flockhart, in the B.R.M., who fought an exciting duel for second place with F. R. Gerard (Cooper-Bristol), who finished only two seconds behind him.

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION OF BRITAIN : D. W. Bachli receives the cup from the Captain of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, Mr. Lindsay Jamieson, at Muirfield, after defeating the American, W. C. Campbell, by two and one. Bachli had come over for the Commonwealth tournament at St. Andrews and went steadily through the earlier rounds of the Amateur without attracting especial attention as he was out late on most days. W. C. Campbell had had more of the spotlight, and this was his fifth attempt at the British title. The match was exciting until the last. The contenders were all-square at the 14th hole. Campbell drove into a bunker at the 15th, lost the hole, and went on to lose the next two. Tributes were paid to Bachli's match temperament, which sustained him well throughout the contest.

THE LAST HOME OF THE "CUTTY SARK" : The site of the dry-dock at Greenwich, where the famous Clipper will be preserved. The *Cutty Sark* was built in 1869 at Dumbarton. She began her career on the China tea trade, later transferring to the Australian run. In 1895 she was sold to the Portuguese and was renamed the *Ferreira*. In 1921 she arrived in the Thames and her owners ordered her to be broken up or sold. She was saved by a Channel gale, which drove her into Falmouth. There she was seen and bought by a retired sailing-ship master, Captain Dowman, who restored her as a full-rigged skysail-yard ship and kept her at moorings in the harbour. It was Captain Dowman's widow who, in 1938, presented the *Cutty Sark* to the Thames Nautical Training College at Greenhithe. But her upkeep proved too expensive, and, in 1952, she seemed doomed at last for the breakers' yard. It was then that the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Fund was formed, with the Duke of Edinburgh lending his name to the appeal for £250,000

On left—

THE THIRD HOLE AT MUIRFIELD DURING THE FINAL OF THE BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP : At the end of the first nine holes, W. C. Campbell was two up; but the steady play and brilliant approach shots of Bachli finally won the day.

A NEW AND EASIER CAR TO DRIVE

A Genuine Six-seater, the New Morris Oxford seems Destined to be a More Than Worthy Successor to the Old Model; and Comments on other Recent Events in the Motoring World

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE new Morris Oxford is a big improvement on the model it replaces. It is more powerful, livelier, looks better, has more room for both passengers and luggage, and is easier to drive.

At £525 plus £219 17s. 6d.—a total of £744 17s. 6d.—the new Oxford is good value for money. Although the total retail price works out at £36 more than the standard version of the old model, the new Oxford has so many refinements that it is more directly comparable with the de luxe version, which cost £8 10s. more than the new car.

And it *is* entirely new, including the 4-cylinder engine. The old 1,476 cc. side-valve unit, which developed 41 brake horsepower, has been replaced by a new overhead-valve motor of 1,489 cc. yielding 50 b.h.p. It is described as a product of the British Motor Corporation, which means it is one of the rationalised fruits of the Austin-Nuffield merger. Basically it is the engine which also powers the new M.G. Magnette.

I have had a chance of trying out the new Oxford in a short road test and was impressed by the manner in which it got away from traffic lights in second gear; its acceleration through the gears; its effortless cruising at 55–60 m.p.h.; and by its general handling qualities. The hydraulically-actuated clutch is lighter in action; and this, combined with the lightness of the steering and the smoothness of the larger-diameter brakes, makes it an easy car to drive.

By altering the position of the petrol tank—the capacity of which has been increased from 9 to 12 gallons—the size of the luggage-boot has been stepped up from 10 to 16 cubic feet. This, in effect, means you have room for one more suit-case than in the old Oxford.

The new Oxford is a genuine six-seater, the width of the seats having been increased by 3½ ins. and the steering column has been angled to give the driver maximum comfort and control when he has two other people on the front seat.

I think the design team responsible for the new Morris were wise to replace the pistol-grip, facia-mounted hand-brake with one of the pull-up lever type on the right of the driver's seat. Other new features include a two-spoke steering-wheel with horn ring; larger non-slip windscreen-wipers; press-button door-handles; and built-in heating and ventilation unit with a controllable air scoop on the bonnet.

The new Morris, with its "eyebrow" wings, is a good-looking car. It seems destined to be a more-than-worthy successor to the old Oxford, of which 160,000 have been built.

THE ENTIRELY NEW MORRIS OXFORD, WHICH MADE ITS DEBUT IN MID-MAY: In his article "The Sphere" Motoring Correspondent describes the car as being easier to drive and comments on its general handling qualities. The new car costs a total of £744 17s. 6d.

On right—

MAXIMUM COMFORT AND CONTROL FOR THE DRIVER: The steering-column is offset a few degrees as are the clutch and brake pedals towards the right-hand side of the car, in order to assist greater driving comfort when three persons occupy the front seat.

I recently had the opportunity to use a Bristol 403 for a drive of nearly 300 miles, embracing the Cotswolds and part of the Midlands, and was glad of the chance to renew acquaintance with one of Britain's outstanding cars.

This 2-litre saloon *should* be good, of course, for £2,976 2s. 6d., but don't forget there is £876 2s. 6d. purchase tax included in this figure.

The 403 is a 100-m.p.h. car which has been aptly described as the "Business Man's Express." You can do long journeys in it in perfect safety at a remarkably high cruising speed—and arrive feeling surprisingly fresh.

It is a joy to motor in, is the 403, with its admirable driving position, perfect steering, good brakes, excellent road-holding and smooth-working four-speed gear-box. The left hand falls naturally on the short lever; the box is quiet, the synchromesh on the top three gears works efficiently and a free-wheel device gives you noiseless changes into bottom gear. As you get best value out of the Bristol by free use of the gears and by keeping up the revs., the excellence of the car's gear-box contributes greatly to the car's attractiveness to the driving connoisseur.

In spite of the Bristol's pleasing aerodynamic shape there is luxury seating in this sports saloon for four people. The press-button control of doors, capacious boot and petrol-filler flap is typical of the refinements which give the Bristol its distinctive appeal.

As a motorist who drives a lot in London and other big cities, I am one of those who are growing alarmed by the increasing volume of Diesel fumes which pollute the atmosphere with their sickly, unpleasant smell.

More and more London taxis are being converted to Diesel engines—you can distinguish them by their yellow fuel-filler caps—and it seems that the electric trolley-buses are to be replaced by Diesel-engined buses.

There seems no clear evidence as to whether Diesel fumes are injurious to health, but they are distinctly unpleasant, and as the use of compression-ignition engines is growing I hope a means will be found of de-odourising Diesel fuel. Or is that impossible?

The nuisance is not confined to city streets. One of the most unpleasant of motoring experiences these days is to drive behind a Diesel-engined lorry belching out black exhaust smoke as it thunders uphill.

I was staying at a lovely hotel in the Cotswolds recently and after being awakened early by the heavy lorry traffic pouring past the hotel, I could actually smell Diesel fumes as I lay in bed. It's coming to something!

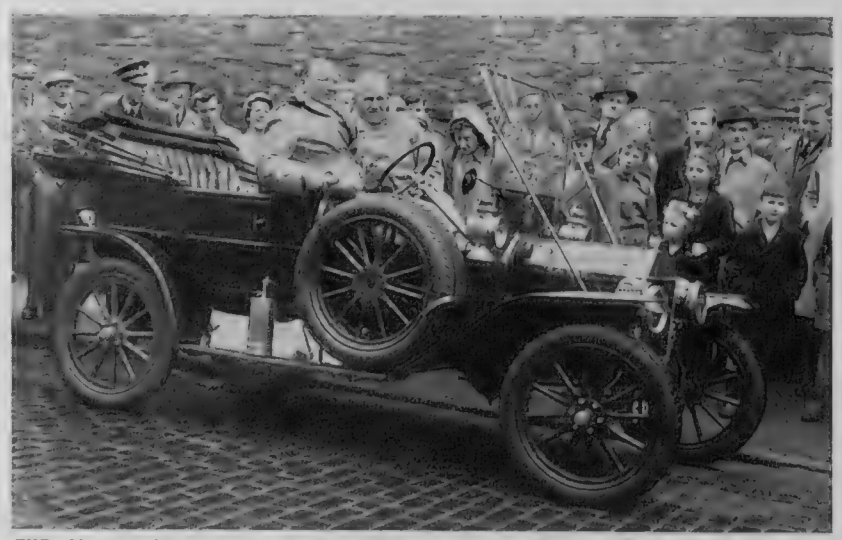
One of the most delightful drives I have had for some time was the ride I had in one of the wonderful old Rolls-Royce cars which recently made a ceremonial run from Knutsford, Cheshire, to Manchester, to commemorate the first meeting, fifty years ago, of the Hon. Charles Rolls and Sir Henry Royce.

There were four cars taking part and I went in the oldest surviving Silver Ghost which, built in 1907, was one of the first of this famous model to be made.

The other cars taking part in the cavalcade were a 2-cylinder 1905 model; a 4-cylinder 1905 model which was a replica of the car with which Percy Northey finished second in the 1905 T.T.; and a 1911 limousine version of the Silver Ghost.

We set out from Brae Cottage, Royce's Knutsford home for many years, and went by way of Altrincham and Old Trafford to Manchester's Cooke Street, where Royce in 1904 built his first car; a 10-h.p. model which impressed Charles Rolls so much that he entered into partnership with Royce.

A Bentley Continental—one of the world's truly handsome cars—preceded the veteran quartet and supplied a striking contrast which spanned fifty years.



THE OLDEST CAR TO FINISH THE 397-MILE "50TH EDINBURGH" COMMEMORATION RUN: Mr. George Simpson and his co-driver, Mr. Henry Alexander, seen in Mr. Simpson's 1910 Model "T" Ford on arrival in Edinburgh at the end of the Golden Jubilee run commemorating the first London-Edinburgh event organised by the Motor Cycling Club in 1904. Of the 48 starters—34 cars and 14 motor-cycles—which left the G.P.O. London, 45 arrived at Edinburgh within the time limit of 24 hours. The only trouble experienced by Mr. Simpson and Mr. Alexander was with the tail-lamp, the burner of which was frequently blown out.

Although the weather was not all it might have been, the *Daily Express* International Trophy motor race meeting at Silverstone was a great success. The racing was good and there was a record crowd of over 100,000.

What a pity they were unable to cheer British cars to victory in the main events! Ferraris swept the board, with Froilan Gonzalez, their chief driver, giving a superb display.

Britain hasn't properly got down to the job of producing a 2½-litre car capable of challenging the new Italian, French and German Grand Prix cars in the new formula. The new 2-litre Vanwall holds out hope, for it is being developed in 2½-litre form, and there are 2½-litre Connaughts and B.R.M.s coming along. Meanwhile, the Ferrari is having things almost entirely its own way—and is likely to do so until the Maserati is improved or the eagerly-awaited Mercédès-Benz repeats the success of the sports version which won at Le Mans in 1952.

Although the frequency with which car windscreens are shattered along "Missile Mile," near Colnbrook, Surrey, remains a mystery, the Automobile Association has issued an interesting report on the general subject of windscreen fractures.

The Association, after eighteen months' investigation of nearly 300 cases, believes the toughened glass fitted to most British cars since the war is likely to shatter for five main reasons apart from stones thrown up by the tyres of other vehicles.

Here they are: stresses set up in its mounting by ill-fitting glass; frame distortion; inequality of road surface, which sets up a vibration and "drumming"; changes of temperature due to atmospheric conditions or the effects of an interior heater and low external temperature, and sound waves from the exhaust of passing vehicles, which can be quite considerable in the case of heavy commercial lorries.

I expect the Duke of Edinburgh has by now tried out his new car, the 100-m.p.h., 3-litre Lagonda which was waiting for him when he got back from his Commonwealth tour with the Queen.

From my own knowledge of the Lagonda I should say the Duke's car will more than satisfy his reputed taste for fast motoring; and with the speed and silky acceleration will go an elegance and comfort found in few cars. I don't envy the Duke his radio-telephone, by the way. Nowadays only cars, trains and planes seem to give complete freedom from the tyranny of the jangling 'phone bell.

Berkeley Coachwork Ltd., of Biggleswade, largest manufacturers of caravans in Europe, have formed an associate company—Argosy Coachwork Ltd.—to run a new factory at Hitchin, Herts, which will be used for assembling the Argosy Twelve, a new holiday caravan accommodating four people. Its cost, fully fitted, is £179. The new factory will be a fully-mechanised assembly-line plant, fed by components supplied from the parent company, which has had many requests for an inexpensive, lightweight touring caravan that could be towed by an 8-h.p. car.

The Standard Motor Company are now offering a de luxe version of their 8-h.p. saloon with winding windows in all four doors and opening ventilators. The interior is trimmed completely in Vynide (with leather as an optional extra), and hub caps, dual windscreen-wipers, twin sun visors and push-button door locks are also fitted. The price of this model, fitted with Vynide, is £538 0s. 10d. (including £159 purchase tax). The basic saloon costs a total of £481 7s. 6d.

The Dover Harbour Board, in announcing that their new car ferry terminal has now been completed, state that last year 1,323,828 passengers and 124,497 cars and other motor vehicles passed through the port. You can now take a small car across by surface ferry for as little as £4. For the average family saloon the charge is £5 to £6.

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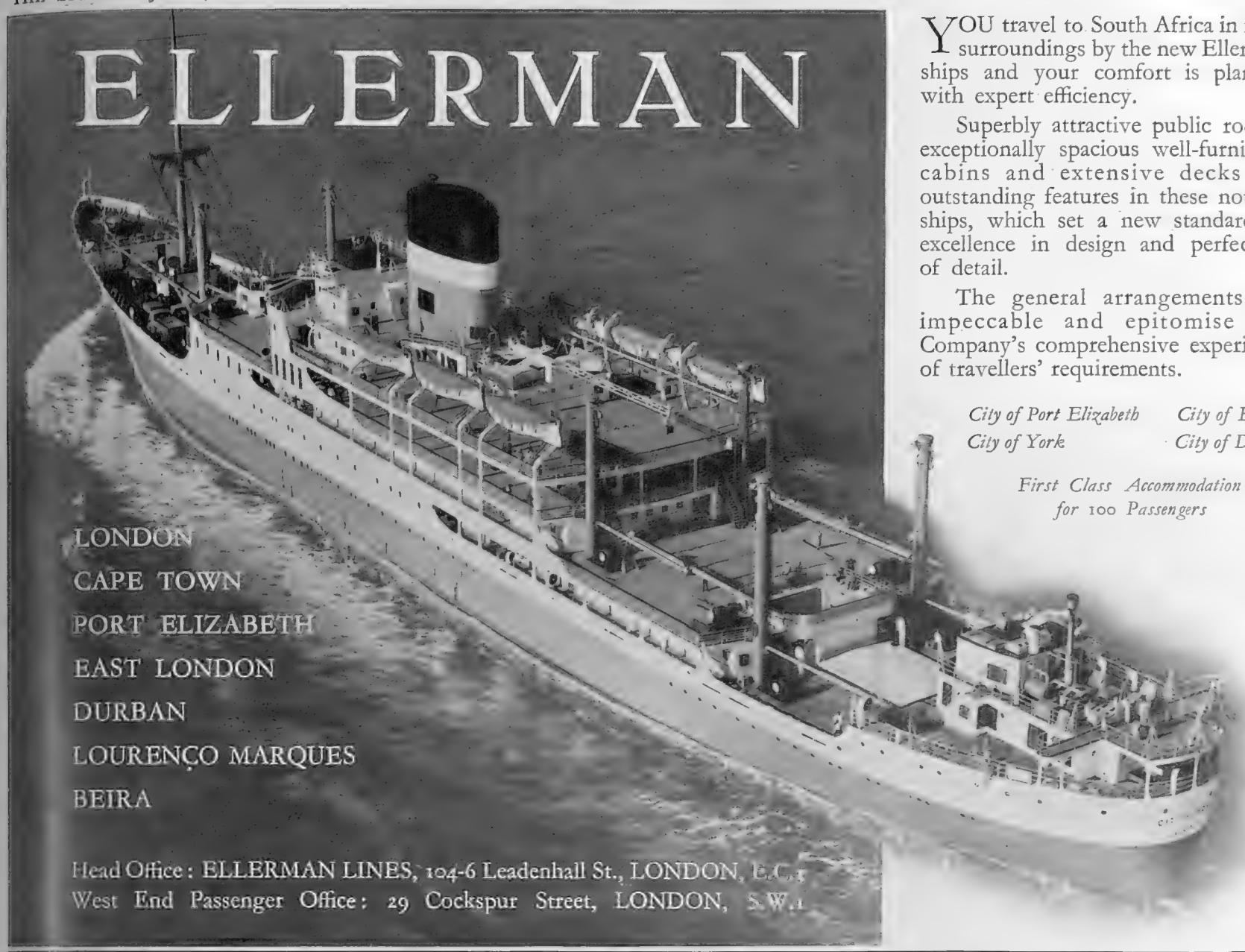

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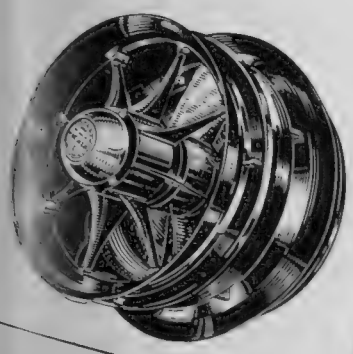

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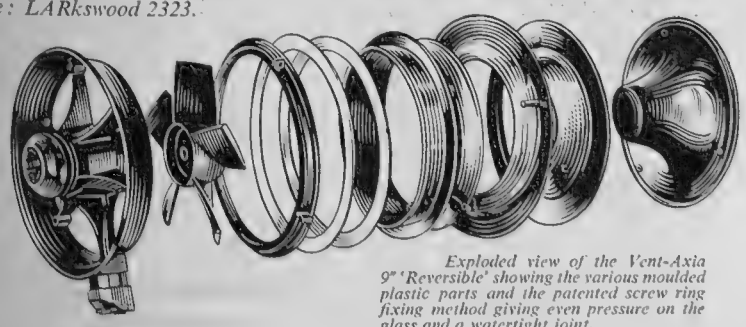

Exploded view of the Vent-Axia 9" 'Reversible' showing the various moulded plastic parts and the patented screw ring fixing method giving even pressure on the glass and a watertight joint.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF YOUTH

The Findings of a Young Don Provide an Interesting and Thoroughly Documented Story; Other New Publications include Four Books for Cricket Fans

I HAVE often wondered why the feelings and aspirations and, indeed, the achievements of youth should be dismissed as light-hearted and volatile, though, indeed, the past fifteen years should have altered opinion in a great measure, and it was scores of years ago since the poet wrote that the thoughts of youth were long, long thoughts. To be young, articulate and a student, for instance, is with very few exceptions to be serious to the point of portentousness. This is neither odd nor lamentable, since, in fact, when one is young one is discovering everything for the first time, and other people's experiences are at their lowest discount. Their time may come later, but in youth, every physical, emotional and intellectual experience must be made at first-hand if it is to have an impact, and this, of course, is a serious circumstance.

So that however intensive the scholarly research, and however alert the senses, the findings of a young don, for instance, are apt to be vastly more solemn than those of his elderly colleague. So it is with Mr. J. K. Johnstone, a Canadian don now in his thirty-first year, who has written an immensely interesting and thoroughly documented study of THE BLOOMSBURY GROUP (Secker and Warburg. 25s.), which owes its starriness to asterisks, and its more lively qualities to Mr. Johnstone's conviction of the importance of the influence of the Bells, the Woolfs, Duncan Grant, Roger Fry and E. M. Forster on contemporary art and letters. A very sound and commendable basis for a thesis, and as a thesis for a good degree it reads.

THE NEW PRESIDENTIAL BADGE OF THE SOCIETY OF GLASS TECHNOLOGY: In the centre is a disc of mirrored glass incorporating the badge of the Society, which shows a glass-blower sitting in his gaffer's chair, with a "servitor," or glass-blower's assistant, standing behind him. The whole is set in a silver mount which incorporates the essential tools of the craftsman. The pendant at the foot represents the sign for glass as used by medieval alchemists; at three points appear pieces of blue glass cut from ancient glass made at Tel el Amarna in 1370 B.C. The Society's chairman this year is Sir Graham Cunningham, chairman of the Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., and the badge is the gift of Professor W. E. S. Turner, of Sheffield.

"Clear your mind of cant," said one of our greatest men, and I suppose it might possibly be argued that every enthusiast is capable of cant on his own subject, and even on the theme of cricket, ostensibly a blameless theme. Four books on cricket this week can therefore be said to serve a double purpose: to inform and entertain the devotees of the great sport, and to represent such varying points of view that no reader of all four could possibly be left with any but an open-minded approach. Ray Lindwall has chosen an excellent title for his story of Test matches from the Australian point of view, in FLYING STUMPS (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.). In his preface to the book, Sir Pelham Warner has written of the author as "one of the finest fast bowlers the cricket world has ever known," and the author's own particular hero, W. J. O'Reilly, has written of him as the same unspoilt person as ever, and of his great counterpart in England's team, Alec Bedser. No cant or prejudice there, you will observe, and none either in a thoroughly entertaining book on one of the greatest of all games.

CRICKET MUSKETEER (Kaye. 15s.) is Freddie Brown's own story, and, as a captain of the M.C.C., Chairman of the Selection Board responsible for the team that recaptured the Ashes, and initiator of the good old F. R. Brown principle of hit-or-bust, his story has been well worth writing.

Jack Cheetham was the captain of the South African side that toured Australia with such success—not all of it expected by any means—during the season of 1952-53, and his account of the trip, of the bad auspices which accompanied its start and of its triumphant conclusion, makes lively reading in CAUGHT BY THE SPRINGBOKS (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.).

CRICKET CAULDRON (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.) is an account by Alex Bannister, the cricket correspondent of a great London daily, of the four fantastic months on and off the playing fields of the Caribbean during the M.C.C.'s 1954 tour of the West Indies. England's captain, Len Hutton, writes in his foreword, that, to people who saw none of the tour, sections of the book might seem far-fetched and strange. "They were strange indeed," he adds, "and Mr. Bannister's factual report should give some ideas of the difficulties faced by the M.C.C. players."

Mr. Quentin Reynolds has written a biography of one of his native country's most dashing and intrepid airmen, whom we remember from the war days as Lieut.-General James H. Doolittle, and who, as Jimmy Doolittle, was already making a fabulous name for himself as an aviator in the '20's, as a daredevil stunt pilot, as the first to span the American continent, as the first to loop the loop inside-out, as the first to make a complete blind flight, and as a winner of the Schneider Cup Race. By the time the United States were actively concerned in the last war, it could be said that he had already had quite a career, having in 1930 been appointed to organise the aviation department of the Shell Petroleum Corporation, and happily having survived to be at the present time a director of that vast enterprise. THE AMAZING MR. DOOLITTLE (Cassell. 18s.) takes his story through these almost preliminary phases to his command of the Eighth Tactical Air Force, and its vital role in the invasion of Europe.

TIGER SQUADRON (W. H. Allen. 15s.) takes the flying story back from the United States to our own country, with particular reference to 74 Squadron, R.A.F., in two world wars, as told by Wing-Commander Ira "Taffy" Jones, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., M.M. His book relates incidents, and, indeed, the growth of the Air Force over the past thirty years or more, and as he is one of the very few people who flew fighter aircraft in both world wars, from the days of the original R.F.C. in France up to and after the Battle of Britain, it would be absurdly restrained to say that he knows what he is writing about.

Writing this not long after Empire Day, it is worth reflecting on the services that have been given to the Crown by the men appointed to serve in our Colonial Administration. Such a one has been Sir Philip Mitchell, who was for forty years in that service, practically for the whole of the time in East Africa, first as Governor of Uganda and later of Kenya, with a period during the last war when he was directly chosen by Field-Marshal Wavell to be Chief Political Officer for the Middle East, and British Plenipotentiary in Abyssinia. AFRICAN AFTERTHOUGHTS (Hutchinson. 18s.) is a book of Sir Philip's memoirs, less personal than touching on the problems, and their possible solutions, as he has studied them in Africa.

Of the novels for which there is review space this week, few are especially concerned with the domestic scene, since the first, and one of the best, is BHOWANI JUNCTION (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), and is a story of India at the time of the partition, as told successively and brilliantly, through Mr. John Masters' exceptional talents as a narrator, by an Anglo-Indian engineer, an Anglo-Indian girl and an English officer. The first point to mention here is that Mr. Masters is a born, and a quite exceptionally gifted, storyteller, and the second that he possesses an objective virility of expression that has nothing whatever to do with artificial "toughness." He writes strongly and well.

So does Mr. Christopher Landon, the author of A FLAG IN THE CITY (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), though this is on an indefinably more muted note as befits, I suppose, even the most adventurous story that is set in Persia. His hero is a British officer in charge of Persian civilian truck-drivers forming the convoys for aid to Russia; the period is 1943, and the young man is, understandably, bored and frustrated by the immense heat of the Persian plains and the apparently insoluble difficulties of Persian labour problems as fomented by German spies. He is offered, and gladly accepts, a job of counter-espionage which takes him to rose-filled gardens, to Isfahan and Shiraz, and to the summer camps in the hills. Mr. Landon has a very real appreciation of what goes to make an exciting story

THE DOCTORS (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.) is M. André Soubiran's novel of the life of a French medical student through apprenticeship to the real work of healing and it is painfully realistic, frank and even sordid in its technical recital of medical horrors, though with an underlying seriousness of purpose. The translation by Mr. Oliver Coburn is something more than competent.

THE BOND OF GREEN WITHY (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.) is a purely English contribution to the list of novels recently published, for Mrs. Berta Lawrence has written of a Somerset hill farm of fifty years and the struggles of a man and his wife to bring up their family, and at the same time start a good osier-growing business, for the local basket-making trade. The country colour here is tenderly, but accurately washed in, and for all its quietness and lack of event this is a novel of real interest.

NIGHTMARES (Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.) are seven tales, well-named, by Bertrand Russell, who has chosen to brood imaginatively, and in a macabre mood over the possible bad dreams of a number of eminent persons, from the Queen of Sheba to President Eisenhower, and from Mr. Bowdler to Dean Acheson. As one might expect, Lord Russell writes with a fine lucidity, but I would not care to say that this made the odd little pieces more enjoyable. The pleasure here, I think, has been more in the writing than will be in the reading.

Lastly, for Whiteoaks fans Miss Mazo de la Roche has written a story of Jalna revisited in 1923, when a boy, Eden, was still longing for the European life Piers and Pheasant were at the beginning of their love-affair, and an English girl was proving, to her sorrow, that not even good horsewomanship could win the head of the house of Jalna. THE WHITEOAKS BROTHERS (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is, in other words, a very satisfactory specimen of its genus.

SPEED, THE MAP-MAKER

His Great Survey of the Counties of England

It is a matter for regret that John Speed, that very distinguished map-maker of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, does not enjoy the general recognition to-day that his work seems to merit. Several leading dictionaries, indeed, exclude his name, but he received recognition enough in his own time, as witness the commendation of the Merchant Taylors' Company, who, in 1600, referred to Speed's "very rare and ingenious capacities in drawing and setting forth of mappes and genealogies." Speed was born in Cheshire in 1552, and in 1598, at the instance of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, Queen Elizabeth granted him a room in the Custom House and in due course he presented Her Majesty with "divers mappes." Speed did not do much original surveying for his maps, but he was no slavish copier, and all his works have the supreme characteristic of artistic merit. They possess a balance and a decorative quality far in advance of anything that went before. John Arlott is presenting a series of coloured facsimiles of these maps under the general title of JOHN SPEED'S ENGLAND. This week we welcome Part III, which covers the Midland Counties stretching from Shropshire to Cambridgeshire, and Part IV, which covers the Northern Counties from Lincoln, Nottingham and Derbyshire to the Scottish borderland. The two parts are published at £4 10s. each by the Phœnix House Ltd., and are beautifully bound and printed. Speed regarded himself as an historian, which he certainly was not, but his descriptions of the counties are full of stimulating prose, and John Arlott, by shrewd editing, has sped the author on his way wherever the chance to do so has occurred.

Victor Vinceslas Jacquemont, among the more fantastic and improbable figures thrown up by the nineteenth century, was born in 1801, the son of a French revolutionary philosopher. His life was short, crowded and hectic, and he evidently enjoyed it hugely. He lived *en grande* and, through family connections and personal charm, managed to get most of the things that he wanted, which included becoming acquainted with almost everybody of importance in his day. He numbered Lafayette, Stendhal, Mérimée, Meyerbeer and Rossini among his acquaintances and he was obviously impelled by the feeling that he was a sort of French Byron, above all living heroically and a trifle dangerously. Except for an article in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1869, no work about Jacquemont has ever been published in English, but a selection of his letters was brought out by Macmillan in 1936. David Stacton now makes good the biographical omission, and in A RIDE ON A TIGER (Museum Press. 16s.), he describes Jacquemont's adventures in India where he went as a scientist bent on collecting specimens for the French museums. Jacquemont did not stick to the scientific path, however, and during his stay in the great sub-continent, he made a singlehanded but triumphal invasion of Chinese Tartary and, on behalf of the British, negotiated a treaty with the formidable Rangit Singh. Jacquemont's enthusiasm was endless, and the situations he got himself into were often ludicrous. When he died, Jacquemont left behind him twelve barrels of specimens and one barrel of personal possessions, including a manuscript journal of some 5,800 pages.

At a moment when the situation in Indo-China is again crumbling, Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones presents his biography of the late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, the French soldier who, in the last year of his life, and despite the onset of a fatal illness, restored the morale of the shaken French troops in the Far East. SO FULL OF GLORY (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) is an admiring account of a great battle commander who was above all a dominating and irresistible personality. The foreword, by the late Viscount Norwich, emphasizes this soldier's unswerving devotion to duty and insatiable appetite for hard work. General Salisbury-Jones, in summing-up his career, says "from beginning to end his life was a spectacular gallop."

A. H. Rasmussen's *Sea Fever* was a great piece of writing, and now he follows it up with CHINA TRADER (Constable. 18s.), an account of the dangerous world of bandits, robbers and war lords in which he lived when he was first a Customs official and later a wool purchaser in China for a European firm. The wool trade meant politics, wars, caravans, Mongols, Sarts, and the romance of the whole of High Asia, and Mr. Rasmussen's readers will not need to be reminded how well he can tell a story.

J. Wentworth Day has made East Anglia his very special hunting-ground. The latest of his books is A HISTORY OF THE FENS (Harrap. 15s.), and he tells the story of the Old Fen before it was all tarmac roads, potato-fields, tractor sheds and orchards; throughout he is concerned with the life, character and traditions of the Fen people.

In ONLY PARENT (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), Louise Dickinson Rich continues her delightful series of books telling of the upbringing of her children. The first volumes had their setting in the Maine Woods, but since the death of Ralph Rich the family have temporarily become partly town-dwellers. Mrs. Rich has the happy knack of describing trivial adventures in agreeable detail, and we can share something of her delight in her own boisterous and very healthy family.

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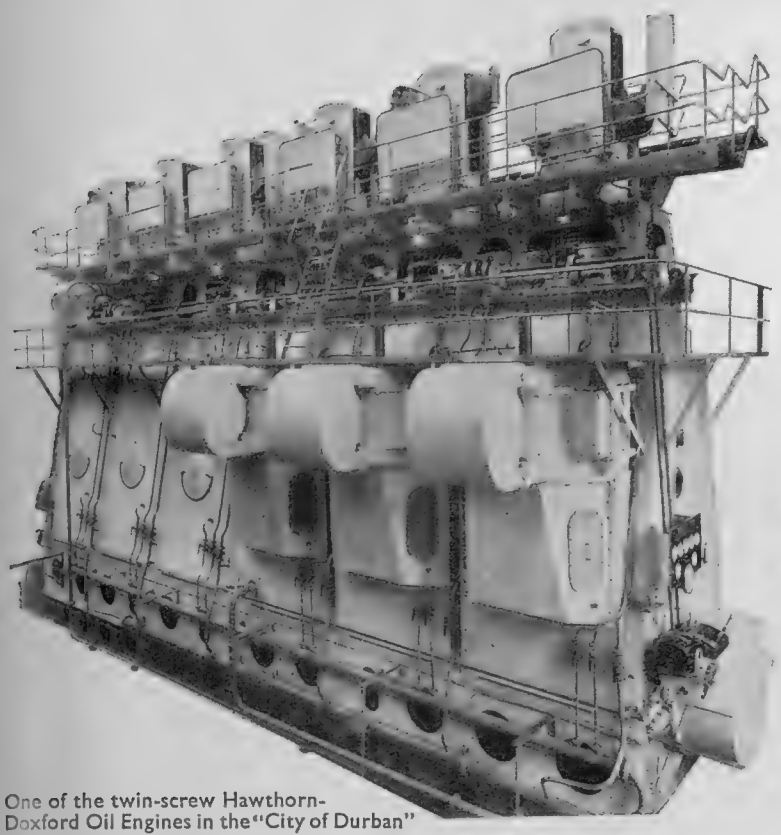

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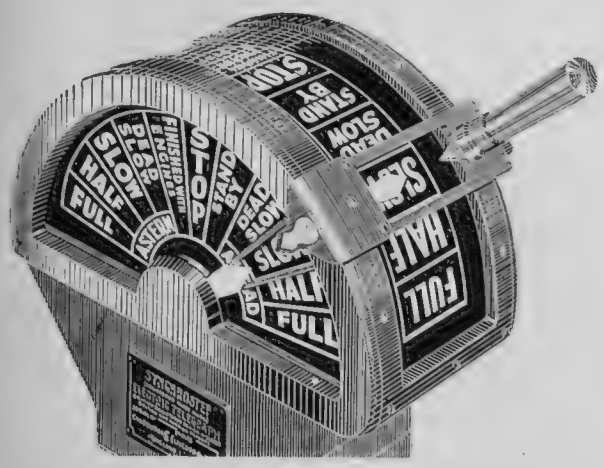

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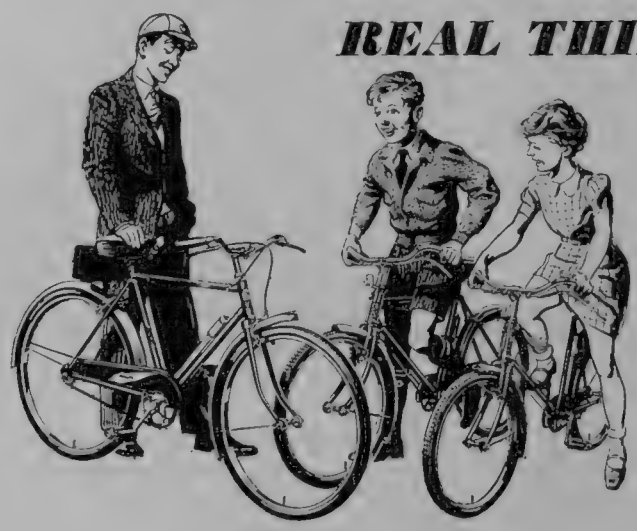

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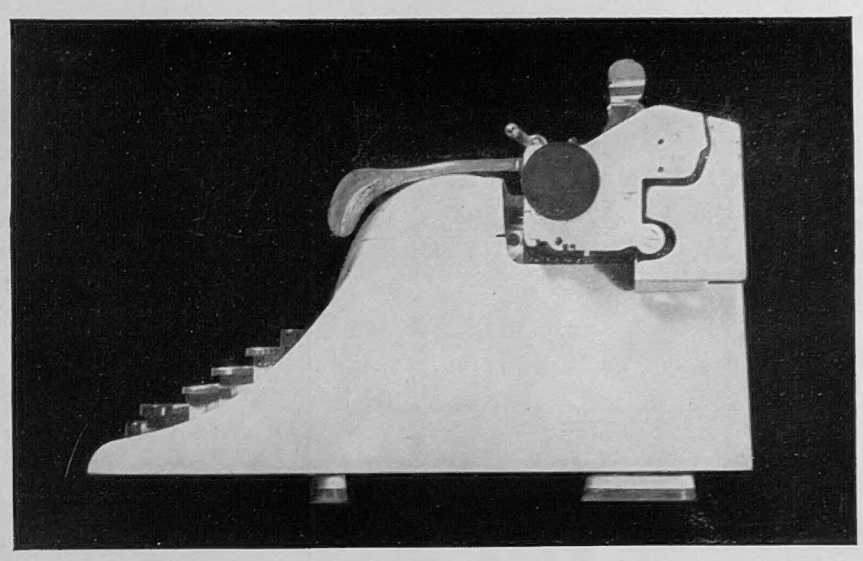

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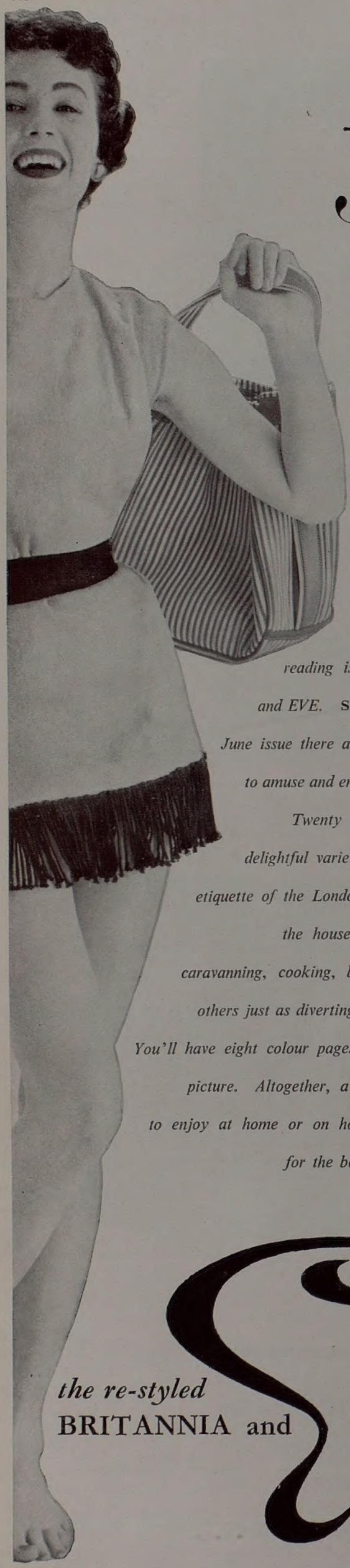

June is here

. . . and the best magazine for holiday reading is the re-styled Britannia and EVE. SHORT STORIES? *In the June issue there are four full-length stories to amuse and entertain you.* ARTICLES? *Twenty illustrated features on a delightful variety of subjects—television, etiquette of the London season, painting about the house, lessons for sunbathers, caravanning, cooking, beauty, books and many others just as diverting.* SUMMER FASHIONS? *You'll have eight colour pages to put you right in the picture. Altogether, a wealth of good reading to enjoy at home or on holiday. Make a bee-line for the bookstall . . . just ask for*

the re-styled BRITANNIA and Eve

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

WHO is for a waterway holiday this year? Such was the thought as I arrived at Newton Ferrers, the principal yachting base on Devon's Yealm (pronounced Yam).

The sun was setting as I turned along Court Road to the entrance drive of an old favourite—Beacon Hill Hotel. Here, as its name suggests, I was on top of a Devon world of loveliness. The deep-flowing Yealm lay below, and behind, Dartmoor filled the background. Around were 4½ acres of ground radiant in their Spring glory. Within, I was spoilt, as you might well have been; a comely room with private bathroom, an electric fire switched on to provide a friendly warmth on retiring for the night; a hot-water bottle in my bed, and next morning at 8 a.m. the Spring Symphony by the massed choir of Newton Ferrers' bird life.

Two days later brought me to those twin Cornish waterways, the Fal and Helford Rivers.

At St. Mawes I sampled the quintessence of luxury within the lovely Tresanton Hotel. Perfection in decor, appointments, position, service and cuisine.

By the King Harry Ferry I crossed the Fal, and beyond Falmouth came to the Budock Vean Hotel, whose lawns slope down to the bank of the Helford River. What a transition has taken place during recent months! New kitchens with equipment to delight the most fastidious chef; a new wing, more private bathrooms, and everywhere the shine of cleanliness. Yachting, golf (on its own 9-hole golf course), tennis, boating, bathing—a self-contained holiday resort in fact, basking in the sunshine of a May day.

Driving Londonwards, I reflected on the many possibilities of a waterway holiday other than on the sea. My mind ran to the Lake District. The view from Sharrow Bay Hotel up Ullswater; the magnificence of the Langdales as seen from Langdale Chase Hotel. Then my thoughts switched to East Anglia—that amazing paradise for children, the Meare at Thorpeness, in Suffolk, and Sutton Staithe Hotel at Stalham, that haven of the Norfolk Broads where, unfettered from Town life, its visitors can hear the boom of the bittern.

How do I find these delectable spots? Mostly by the kind information of my correspondents, and by chance information in the course of my travels, so if you have "a somewhere" up your sleeve, please don't be selfish and hug it to yourself, but pass the information on.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES

THE sign of the black spread eagle has been associated with Barclays Bank for more than three centuries. It was hanging in Lombard Street at least from the late seventeenth century, when, in another part of the street, John Freame started the business which later became Barclays Bank. In 1728, when he moved to the house of the eagle (the present Head Office of the Bank), he retained the sign. In 1937 arms were granted to Barclays Bank, in which the black spread eagle and another ancient Lombard Street sign —the three crowns—were incorporated. They are illustrated here together with an illuminated border. The heraldic description reads: Argent an Eagle displayed Sable charged on the body and on each wing with a Ducal coronet of the field.

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